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VISITATION.

BY T. FERGUSON.

Was it a voice, or a dream, or a sigh of the
wind through the gloaming
Came to my soul in its pain, soothing the
sorrow to sleep?
Or was it thy spirit, my sweet one, over the
blue waters roaming,
Sought me, and found from afar, murmuring—
"Love, do not weep?"

Ah, now I know it was you, for the rose that
I gave you at parting
Filled with its perfume the air, subtle and
fragrant and sweet.
Just for a moment you stayed—for a moment
the tears that were starting
Paused in their passionate flow—for a moment
my heart ceased to beat.

Why did you come to me, O my love? Were
you sleeping or waking?
How did you find me so far over the sorrow-
ful seas?
Did your heart, in its loneliness, feel that my
heart, in its anguish, was breaking?
Did the wings of some pitying dream waft
you safe to me here on the breeze?

I saw you not, dear, though I felt your pres-
ence about and around me
Like a gentle breathing of infinite calm, and your
voice for a moment I heard
Like the wind of a harp by the wood softly touch-
ed, through the spell that enwound me,
In a language that souls understand, or the
sweet weary song of a bird.

And over my soul there swept a measureless
pitiful longing
To clasp you again to my heart, in spite of
the years and of Fate—
And I turned from the blaze of the fire, and
saw where the shadows were thronging,
But you were not there—you were gone, and
I wept, for I knew I must wait!

Ah, love, I have waited so long! But the
dawning followeth after
The darkness, after the rain surely the sun-
shine is sweet,
If never more upon earth, yet, where weeping
is changed unto laughter
Somewhere beyond the clouds and the stars
at the last we shall meet!

THE SECRET AGENT;

OR,

The Struggle for Liberty.

Philadelphia in 1776.

BY CHARLES MORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "PLIGHTED IN PERIL," ETC.

[This story was commenced in No. 51, Vol. V. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE FOX UNEARTHED.

We must return to the disconsolate lover, Allen Brooks. We find him—two days after the falling back of the British troops from their advanced encampment in Germantown—at the Lancaster tavern in the city, again in company with his agent, Gordon.

"I have done my best," he said, somewhat disconsolately. "They fled from their hiding place in the Neck; they swam their horses over the Schuylkill. I have tried to trace them there, but failed. I found their track and followed it for five miles back, but there I lost it."

"For five miles," said Gordon, with much interest. "Which way did they ride? Where did you lose the track?"

"Straight out the Lancaster road. But they turned off about four miles out into a by-road—"

"To the left?"

"Yes. Their track was plain here, but it failed in about a mile out. The road got hard, and had been ridden over by a troop. I tried to take it up again, but it was lost. I failed to find another trace."

"There were other roads and lanes that led off from the road you were on?"

"Four or five. I tried them, but found nothing."

"Four miles out,—that's the Branchtown road," said Gordon, thoughtfully. "A mile and a-half out on that is the lane leading by Haldon's smith-shop. It strikes over to——By Jove!" he cried suddenly, "I bet I have them! I can put my bardie on them, for a heavy wager."

"Are you sure of that?" asked Brooks, hopefully, laying his hand on Gordon's arm.

"I have a tenderness in that exact direction. One of their choice places. I know it like a book. If the girl ain't hid there, I'll eat a horse."

"A house, a tavern, a cave? What is it?" asked Brooks, his face lit up with a hope it had not shown since the abduction.

"A house. The home of a secret member of Fitz's gang. I heard a suspicion of it last week, when in Downington. It is the place, for a bagful of Continental money."

"Then let us to horse at once. We are fresh. The day is young. We can be on the ground before nightfall."

"Then you had better disguise yourself as before. They may see and know you, and take the alarm."

"No, I am done with disguises. I will go as you see me. If they fly, I will pursue. If they show fight, so much the better. They have escaped me once. By heaven, they shall not get off again!"

"That is the right spirit," said Gordon, enthusiastically. "I owe Fitz no love. If I meet him he will find it so."

Only staying to see to their arms, and to prepare their horses, the companions took to the road, and were soon riding briskly out High street towards the Schuylkill.

Their steeds were fresh and vigorous, the road in good condition, the day clear and bracing, and it was with positive delight that they sped over the ringing ground and through the keen October air.

Very few minutes brought them to the bridge of boats, which the British had hastily thrown across the river at this point.

Here they were stopped, but Brooks' pass easily took them by the guards and on to the sounding planks of the unsteady bridge.

In a short time they had gained firm ground again on the other side of the river, and rode briskly out through the farming country, where now the entire city of West Philadelphia stretches miles back from the stream.

"I feel success in the wind," said Brooks, as the cool air fanned his forehead. "The infamous Fitz has reached the end of his career if I can get within reach of him with pistol shot or sabre stroke. I will ask no second opportunity."

"He will get no more than his deserts," said Gordon, as they pressed up a rising hill. "But what is that? There is surely cavalry yonder."

Ere they could turn to escape his question was answered by the sudden appearance, at the top of the steep incline, of some twenty American troopers, headed by the burly form of Captain Conrad.

They were face to face, almost within reaching distance.

Before Brooks could decide on what action to take in this unlooked-for emergency, one of the troopers rode hastily out from their midst, and grasped the bridle of his horse.

"By all that's good," he screamed, in the harsh tones of Sergeant Kerr, "the fox has rid into the lion's den. It's Allen Brooks, the spy. If he gets away again, except as a rope's end, the Westchester guards had best disband."

"Hands off, sir!" cried Brooks angrily. "I do not like strange fingers on my bridle."

"You may have them at your throat if you attempt to resist me," said the Sergeant, loosing his hold of the bridle, and riding up with outstretched hands, as if to carry out his threat.

It was an unfortunate move for him. A hard fist struck like lightning square-ly between his eyes. He was hurled from his horse and rolled helplessly to the ground.

"That is my reply to a threat," said the stalwart spy.

Kerr sprung to his feet, maddened by the light laugh that rose from his comrades. In an instant a pistol was in his hand, his finger on the trigger.

"Yield yourself instantly," he screamed, "or by——"

"Don't swear, Sergeant Kerr," was the cool reply of his antagonist. "Swearing makes me nervous."

He was covering the furious soldier with a weapon similar to his own, and with an eye whose cool glitter subdued the fiery glance of the other.

"There is enough of this," cried Captain Conrad, riding up between the foes. "Put up your weapon, Kerr. I command this troop, and you have made yourself too busy. Allen Brooks, you are my prisoner."

The Sergeant remounted his horse, with a dejected aspect. Brooks put away his pistol, saying:

"You are too strong for me. But when you know my errand I think you will not detain me."

"Your errand! What is it?"

There was a ring of surprise and curiosity in his tone.

"You have pledged yourself to Miss Letty Snyder to do your utmost for the rescue of Madge Lawson?"

"Yes, yes," said Conrad earnestly. "Go on, sir."

"I know where she is confined. I ask riding now to her rescue. If you stop me it may be to her utter loss."

"You are my prisoner, sir," said Conrad, sternly. "You can let me have your information. I will see that she is rescued. As for you, I cannot suffer you to escape again."

"I have no wish to escape," cried Brooks passionately. "I must—I will rescue that girl. You may do as you please with me afterward, but I shall give to no one else the duty which devolves upon me."

"I tell you it is not necessary for you to be present," said the Captain. "Tell me where to find her and——"

"I shall do nothing of the kind, sir," said Brooks firmly. "She shall be freed by my hand, or she remains a prisoner. And I shall take good care that one we both know, shall be apprised of the reason of my failure."

There was a stern set to his lips that told his resolute determination. Captain Conrad, kept silent for a minute, his mouth twitching, a red color mounting to his forehead.

"There is an implied threat in your words," he slowly began. "That matters little, however. I am not to be governed in a question of duty by my own feelings, either of resentment against your threat or of the promise by which you imagine I am bound. You have been a dangerous man. Allen Brooks. You have set arrest at defiance. I have a duty to my country far stronger than any duty to myself. Whether you keep silent in this matter or not, I must deliver you up a prisoner to my superiors."

It was a long speech for the blunt Captain to make. Sergeant Kerr gave vent to a grunt of approval, and signed for two of the soldiers to advance to either side of the captive. There was a fierce glitter of triumph in his eyes, as the tables seemed to turn in his favor.

But Brooks sat on his horse unmoved, his face calm, a faint smile on his lips.

"I do not blame you for your decision, Captain," he said. "In your place I would have made the same. Yet permit me to remark that I shall rescue Madge Lawson. I will be glad to have aid from you in the enterprise."

Captain Conrad gazed at him in surprise at his coolness.

"Then by all that's good!" he exclaimed. "You will first have to cut up twenty good men and their horses. Surround and disarm the prisoner."

Gordon, who had listened with some consternation to this debate, drew back as a half dozen of the soldiers pushed up. Brooks, however, was unmoved.

"Halt, there!" he said authoritatively. "I ride under the protection of your superior, and you will modest me at your peril."

"Of my superior!" cried Captain Conrad, in amazement.

"Of General George Washington, Commander-in-Chief of the American forces."

"What, you? a British spy!" said Conrad incredulously. "Come, come, Brooks, it will take more than your base word to get you off on that plea. Where is your protection?"

"Here," said Brooks, handing him a folded slip of paper.

"By heavens, men!" cried Conrad, gazing in astonishment at the paper, "he has a pass that gives him perfect freedom of the American lines. This is beyond belief! But it is dated nearly a year ago! It has no name!"

"It has not been inserted since," said Brooks. "Nor do I think that Washington will deny that signature, or my claim to the pass."

"But you were a spy then—with a price on your head!"

"There are open things, and there are hidden things, in this world, Captain," said Brooks, smiling mysteriously. "I can say no more. It may be that I have said too much already. But you can safely ride with me now to the rescue of Miss Lawson."

"By heaven, that pass has been stolen!" cried Kerr. "The infernal, spying rascal has no right to it."

"Keep back, Kerr," said the captain sternly. "You are too free of your tongue."

The Sergeant fell back in the rear in his fear, and twice rebuked by his superior, were unusual events to the sergeant. There was a very thundercloud of blackness in his face as he drew sullenly back.

"I will ride with you, Brooks," said the captain. "That safeguard protects you for the present. I frankly tell you though that I shall enquire closely into your possession of it. If I find you have not come by it rightfully, I will hang you up, the next time we meet, without a minute's shriving."

"You are welcome," was the brief answer.

"How many men will we need?" asked Captain Conrad.

"Five will be enough," said Gordon, speaking for the first time.

"Then we will take ten," said the captain, after looking for a moment at the speaker. "It will not pay to venture weak-handed into the den of the fox. Kerr, you ride with the rest of the men to join the colonel. Tell him I will be up with him to-morrow."

In a few minutes more the selected party was proceeding rapidly along the open road, Brooks and Conrad at the head in very different relations from those which had threatened but shortly before.

Gordon now took the office of guide, and led them by high-road and by-road over many miles of varied country.

The day was waning into afternoon when they at length came within sight of their goal. It was a solid-looking farm house, entirely removed beyond view from the main road, from which it lay back nearly half a mile. The approach was by a narrow, private lane, thickly bordered by trees. They were almost upon the house before it was seen.

"On it now, boot and spur!" cried Conrad, with a ringing shout, as he pressed his horse forward. "Surround them! Break in the doors! Don't let a soul escape!"

His cry was answered by the appearance of several men, who ran hastily from the rear of the house, and across towards a grove beyond.

Before they could reach it, however, the soldiers were upon them, sabre in hand, dealing and parrying blows. Brooks and Gordon sprang from their horses, and rushed into the open front door. There was no one visible within.

"This way!" came in ringing tones from the lower. "She is somewhere up stairs. It will face hard for the man who seeks to stop me now!"

As he reached the top of the stairs a tall man stepped out before him. There was a rival flash, and the face felt the stinging touch of a bullet.

He was as good as his word. In an instant the man was lifted in his sinewy arms and flung headlong to the head of the stairs, down which he went rolling and bumping at every step.

"That is Captain Fitz!" cried Gordon, incredulously. "It is a miracle you haven't broken his neck."

"After him, Gordon! See that he does not escape," was the quick reply. "I have but one object now."

Door after door was broken open by the eager lover, room after room explored.

He was beginning to despair, when his eyes caught the outline of a well-known form, the glimpse of a well-known face, as the bearer sprang up in alarm at his impetuous entrance.

"Madge!" came from him like a trumpet peal of triumph.

"Allen!" was the quick, glad, love-revealing answer.

In an instant she was locked in his arms, strained nervously to his bearing breast, while his lips had met hers in the first sweet kiss of love.

It was a moment of deep bliss to those two young souls, the affection which had remained before unspoken springing up in that moment of surprise into overmastering strength.

A moment of bliss, broken by no hasty entrance of Gordon.

"He was not hurt! He has escaped!" was the excited cry.

"Who?"

"Captain Fitz. The soldiers are after him, but they will not catch him."

"Follow him, Gordon. You know his tricks. Guide them."

"I have you, who are worth a thousand of him," said Brooks, flinging his hat joyfully on a chair, and again tenderly embracing her. "He will not again dare venture to molest you."

"And have you loved me all this time, Allen?" she softly asked.

"Can you doubt it, darling?" was his fervent reply. "With all the fervor of my soul, all the truth of my heart, all the constancy of my nature, I love you and you only."

Ringing shouts of triumph from the soldiers without formed the most accompaniment to this truth-plight.

CHAPTER XXV.

LETTY'S CONQUEST.

Yet despite the triumphant issue of the soldiers, Captain Fitz was not taken. His men were demoralized by the onset of the troopers; one killed, three others wounded and taken prisoners, the others flying to all points of the compass.

But the leader had slipped through the hands of his foes, badly wounding one of them by a pistol shot, and had availed himself of his knowledge of the surrounding woods to make his escape.

Brooks, too, had deemed it best not to trust himself to the hands of Captain Conrad, after their temporary compact had ceased. There was danger that the latter might change his mind, and consider the spy as too important a prize to be allowed to go scot free.

He had, therefore, left Madge to the escort of the soldiers, and prudently retired from their dangerous vicinity.

It was not considered safe for her to trust herself again at her home in its exposed position, with her enemy at liberty. She, therefore, took up her residence with an aunt in the city, assured of protection by the military authorities, despite the ardor of her patriotic sentiments.

We must pass over a period of nearly two months succeeding the events recorded in the last chapter, during which the status of our characters had not materially changed. Brooks, in his freedom of the city, had ample opportunity to play the lover, and Madge had little reason to accuse her betrothed of inconstancy or neglect.

It surprised her friends to find how she made this intimacy with a British spy accord with her ardent patriotism, and her aunt, a warm American, bitterly opposed his visits. But Madge only smiled with a secret significance, and continued to welcome her lover with her warmest greetings. She had some hidden reason for her tolerance of his business which she showed no intention of making public.

There had been no material change in the relations of the two armies. Washington was still encamped at Whitemarsh, in a fortified position, and Howe continued to be quartered in the city and its environs. The intervening space was a debatable land, ridden over and fought over by scouting parties of both armies, whose outposts were kept in a state of constant vigilance.

Colonel McLane, on the American side, was almost constantly in the saddle; and Captain Conrad, his most active aid, found abundant opportunities of making a passing call at Snyder's inn.

On the other hand the British officer, Captain Collins, was no less active as a scout, and more than one collision had occurred between the two rivals, whose pretentions to the favor of the same lady were no secret to each other.

He, too, occasionally made a call on old Snyder, at the hazard of his trooper. But if he took this trouble with the hope of seeing Letty he was destined to disappointment.

She was always too busy to appear. Captain Collins must excuse her, but unless his errand was very important, indeed, she was in no toilet to see him.

It was astonishing how particular Letty had become lately about her toilet, since she had been the object of admiration of a brace of military officers.

In the afternoon of December 5th, he again called, on his return from a reconnoissance of the American outposts.

"Hungry and tired," he said. "Something in the way of dinner will be acceptable, Snyder."

"But you'll eat me out of house and home with all your hungry dragoons," cried Snyder, holding up his hands in horror. "I'd have to kill a cow to feed them all."

"Feed me then. They have their rations with them," said Snyder, tell your daughter I would like a word with her."

The dinner soon came in, and was followed by the host, with the remark:

"My daughter says that she is used to being invited, not ordered, into the presence of gentlemen."

"Now, Snyder," said the Captain, petulantly, "you must have added to my message. I would be happy to call upon her, only she will not permit me. I can only then request her to pay me a visit. Tell her my business is important."

Snyder came back after a few minutes' absence, saying:

"She's the confoundest girl, Captain. She's grown ahead of me, that's flat. I tried my paternal authority with her, but she cared no more than if I'd been talking to a chicken. There's got to be a leaf turned over in this house."

The worthy innkeeper was decidedly wrathy at this incipient rebellion in his own household.

Captain Collins, too, was far from being pleased. He sprung up from his half-eaten meal, crying decisively:

"There's been enough of this. I have called here the coarse way, and have been put off with some trivial excuse. I must see her to-day, and shall go to her since she will not come to me."

The sword of the irate officer clanged ominously on the floor as he strode through the door of the supper-room, and to the stairs leading upward to the family room of the Snyder household.

He was prevented from ascending by the appearance of the obdurate young lady at the head of the stairs.

"Captain Collins, I declare!" she cried in her most winning manner. "Wait; I will be down in a minute."

The Captain was astounded by this change of front, and by the light manner in which Letty tripped down stairs.

"You don't know how I have been wanting to see you," she said, impressively, as she took his hand with a hearty clasp.

"You have an odd way of showing it," was his somewhat sour reply.

"Oh! that's all Daddy Snyder. You can't imagine what a tyrant he is. He don't like to have young men calling upon me."

"Why, he blames you for it all," was the astonished reply.

"That's just like him, she answered, with a shrug. "Of course he don't want to offend Captain Collins."

"And you didn't refuse to come?" asked the Captain, incredulously. "Perhaps you don't like young men calling upon you any more than your father."

The Captain certainly thought he was being trifled with, and was irate in consequence.

Letty looked down with assumed confusion, tapping the floor nervously with her slippered foot.

"I don't know," she murmured, "that I ought to approve of your visits, Captain. I fear that you may only be trifling with me."

"Trifling!" he exclaimed, taking her unwilling hand. "You did not think so when last we parted."

"No, no," was her trembling answer. "You confused me then—you were so warm, so——But I have been thinking over it since, and——"

"And have let somebody's wisdom make a fool of you, Letty," he warmly replied. "Where your heart counselled you should not have listened to strangers."

"But what one's heart says is not always wisdom," she replied, with a soft blush. "And I fear I cannot trust you. You were going to drive out the rebels. This country was to be conquered. The power of our King was to be renewed. You have not kept your word, Captain Collins."

She withdrew her hand from his, and looked him earnestly in the face.

"It will be done, Letty," he said, with a significant smile.

"But when? when? Will he is too indefinite."

"I cannot speak more plainly."

"You can do nothing but trifle with me as if I were a child," she said, with some bitterness. "You can promise, but not fulfil. You win my affection—for what? Where is the assurance you were to give me? Where is this driving out of the detested rebels?"

The Captain was carried away by her impetuous speech.

"I have not deceived you, Letty," he said. "The rebels are in a danger they little dream of. General Howe is not idle."

There was more in his tone than in his words. Letty yielded to the fear that stole softly round her waist. Her face was very close to his as she said:

"He is about to move then? to attack the rebels? to surprise them?"

"Yes, yes," he replied, intoxicated with the warm breath that fanned his flushed face.

"That's glorious news," she replied, triumphantly. "Our King will get his own again, and these insolent rebels be put down."

"And I be free to love you as I will," he said, with a look in his face that was not all innocent love.

"But when, dear?" she softly asked.

"Soon, oh, soon, I hope."

It was the voice of the siren. He felt her form yielding to his embrace; her eyes swam in liquid light as they gazed into his; the flushing color came and went in her face. It is strange that he forgot everything but the glorious conquest he had made, and put utter trust in her whose whole frame seemed to be pulsing with love for him.

"This very night," he whispered. "The plans are all laid. It will be a night attack. The rebels will be surprised and cut to pieces."

"And my own Captain?"

"Will come back to claim his own Letty," he said, as he pressed her closer to him and touched her lips with a passionate kiss.

A minute they stood thus, lost, as it seemed, in love's ecstacy.

But they were still in the passage at the foot of the stairs. A door opened. They sprang back nervously from each other. It was the Lieutenant of the company, who called out for the Captain.

"I must go now, Letty," whispered the latter. "Good-bye. It will not be for long."

"Good-bye" came in half-choked accents from her lips.

He thought it the emotion of her love, and passed out with a heart proud of its conquest.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"I HAVE YOU, WHO ARE WORTH A THOUSAND OF HIM."

MEN are not to be judged by their looks, habits, and appearances, but by the character of their lives and conversations, and by their works. It is better that a man's own works, than that another man's words, should praise him.

I AM LOVED

BY MARIETTA [illegible]

My heart is light as a bird to-night
That flies to her nest in the soft twilight
And sings in her brooding bliss.
Ah, I am low and he so high,
What could he find to love? I cry;
[illegible]

[illegible]

My heart sings like a bird to-night,
And flies away to its nest of light
To brood o'er its living bliss.
Ah, I am low, and he so high,
What could he find to love? I cry;
[illegible]

FEUILLETON.

The Case of Mr. Lucraft.

IN THREE PARTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," ETC.

PART II.

There was still the strange look in my host's eyes, a sort of passionate and eager longing.

"I am very well, thank you, sir, and more grateful than I can tell you."

"Hang the gratitude! Tell me if you feel any sense of repletion? Does the blood seem mounting to the head? Are you quite free from any giddiness? No thickness in the speech? It's wonderful, it's providential, my finding you. Such a windfall! and just when I most wanted it. Our blessings truly come when we least expect them."

This was strange language, but the whole proceedings were so strange that I hardly noticed it. Besides, I was extremely comfortable after my dinner, and disposed to rest.

"Now," he went on, "while you are digesting—by the way, the digestion is, I trust, unimpaired by drink or excess? Quite so, and what I expected in so good and so gifted a young man. Like an ostrich, as you say. Ho, ho! ha, ha! like an ostrich! It is indeed too much. Tell me, now, something gently and dispassionately, so as not to injure your digestion, about your history."

I told him all. While I related my simple story he interrupted now and then with some fresh question on the growth, the endurance, the regularity of my appetite, to which I gave satisfactory answers. It seemed to me that he took no kind of interest in what I told him, and was chiefly anxious about my appetite. When I had quite finished he went to the table—I noticed then that all traces of the dinner had disappeared—and laid out a document, by which he placed a pen. Then he drew a chair, sat down in front of me, and assumed a serious air.

"Come," he said, "to business."

I had not the smallest notion what the business was, but I bowed and waited. Perhaps he was going to offer me a clerkship. Visions of a large salary to suit my expansive appetite came across my brain.

"In your case," he began, "the possession of so great an appetite must be attended with serious inconveniences. You have no money. In a few hours you will be hungry again; you will endure great pain and suffering, greater than is felt by men less largely endowed with the greatest blessing—I mean with appetite."

"Yes," I said, "it is a great trouble to me, this twist of mine, especially when I am hard up."

He almost jumped out of his chair.

"Why then," he cried, "what is the use of words? We are agreed already. Nothing could be more fortunate. Let us have no more beating about the bush. Young man, I will rid you of this nuisance; I will [illegible]

[illegible]

FELIX [illegible]

MY FIRST CLIENT.

[illegible]

CHARLES [illegible]

[illegible]

WATER LILIES.

BY OLIVE BELL.

O, lilies, asleep on the lake's cool quiet waves,
Uplift your pure faces from crowded coils
Of dull sparkless pads, to the light and the balmy breeze!
Wait
May impatience lie, glow that quiet tips the crests
Of moss-rose buds, whose ragged robes always with bandi-ers,
Heights crowned with huge oaks, that soothe a
restless
Whose great, hairy branches bend down on
thy face,
As if grudging thy blooms their fair resting-
place.

Fair lilies, whose petals like brain-pearls shine
In coupled cups of fine satin, clinging to stems
Thy handmaidens pillow with cool sleek and downy
Their patiently enter south sunny a crown
Who from childhood are fostered unfettered
weary hands.
To their sunshine, that brightens Hope's far
distant roads,
And night's pallid faces, when the western hills
shine
With the deep vivid splendor of rare ruby
wine.

Ah! lilies, the cream of the lonely old moon-
taine
Turn crimson with shame, as you mock at its
pale
Your shadows while brows from the lakes
dwell fountains,
While sunbeams creep down thro' a myriad
cut maze
Of moss that rear chapels of dim solemn
beauty,
Where cedars might murmur of Love's sin-
less duty.
Or of souls, like the luminous that creep to
the sun,
When the lobes of life have been steadfastly
bore.

My beautiful lilies, what lessons you teach!
As you dreamily float on the lake's sapphire
bosom
A world of white wonder in the shadow of earth,
However's mystical glow on each delicate
blossom
This dreamer upon you overhead with your
blooms
Like hopes of hope seen thro' night's pas-
sic gloom.
So you lift your pale lessons in the calm sum-
mer sky
Unmoved, and unmolested, save by God's loving
eye.

RIGHT AT LAST.

BY MARY E. WINDSOR.

I didn't like it.' As I was figuratively as well as literally, the antipodes of the Turks in everything except my passion for a good mere'shaum, I may say emphatically that I did not like it. It was not the sort of aversion that some unknown individual has expressed for that unfortunate personage

Dr. Fell. 'I know why I object to it; and I hope it for a good woman in his right senses, to say, if, understanding as no more of the affair than I did, he would not have entered the like, or even a more violent protest.

I was engaged to be married to Nora Whitfield. Now, as she is beautiful, according to the world's dispassionate criticism, I know, but she was so in my eyes, and that was all that was necessary to secure her a faithful lover. She also had the sort of girl, too, that under ordinary circumstances, as maid or wife, a man might have trusted implicitly. I had been reared in no school of skeptics, so far as women folks are concerned, and as I have said, I was not ordinarily jealous; but, hang it, a fellow can't be supposed to stand everything. It still seems to me that she ought to have known appearances were confoundedly damaging.

I take a jury of twelve men—courting young men, with a man's heart in their bosoms, neither unhealthily inflamed to passion, nor hampered by jealousy, and put the case to them—and I don't see how they would like to see a fellow—with more worldly advantages than they can ever hope to have—handsomer, more accomplished, more fascinating, according to woman's critical judgment, as they are forced, unamiably enough, to confess—always getting the inside track between them and their sweetheart; taking occasion, twenty times in an evening, to be whispering into her ear when they would like to be doing it themselves, only they haven't the courage—writing on a slip of paper and handing it to her before the very noses; getting some one to make an informal noise on the piano, of which he and she evidently do not hear a single note, any more than the instrument performers afterward said, with their auricular organs quickened to the highest point, can catch one syllable of his and her softly modulated voices, calling her to the parlor to dance at a passing chord; when the misty leaden nebulæ are as impenetrable as a canopy of tent cloth; or failing in these, which his cool impudence is not apt to fail him in, stepping a note into her hands, when they are near enough to look over her shoulder and read it with her, if they were not blinded by ill-suppressed indignation, with a thousand other liberties of the kind, which would set their hearts to beating like an unmuffled drum, if they were allowed to take them; and I'll wager my professional reputation, their verdict of direct condemnation would be unanimous.

Yet, this was the dance Nora Whitfield led me. And why I didn't openly challenge Bob Acres, or unceremonious him, or do some thing desperate, I am at a loss to this day to determine. I am sure I suffered enough to do either, or both, and finish the crime by suicide, after.

Bob was handsome; nay, that isn't the word for it; he was dashing, witty, brilliant, beautiful—a perfect Adonis or Appollo, or some such fabulous creature, ourselves excepted. While I, Theodore Wood, was but a respectable looking fellow, not above mediocrity in anything, unless in the long line of old English ancestry that made me rather proud of my blood.

It is true I had inherited but a competency from my father, and at the early age of twenty-five, I had doubled my patrimony, while spendthrift Bob Acres, but two years my senior, had well nigh run through an immense fortune; but, lord! when was a woman ever known—if you can but touch her heart, to regard such things as that? Nine tenths of the female creatures, unless they have the modern, culpable mania of "marrying for money," will throw overboard a hundred "safe chances" for one of your fast, rattling, devil-may-care sort of fellows. Let such an one get up the reputation of a "ne'er-do-well" with the old folks, and take my word for it, his progress in female society, unless big brothers or papas put a stop to it, is one triumphal march.

That was exactly Bob's position when he came to the neighborhood in which I lived. He had been to Europe—in Germany I think—to school; he had been to Asia to see the women of Circasia and Georgia; had gone to Egypt to have the Pyramids to talk about; and had lingered a year or two in Paris; because that gay Godless city had possessed untold attractions for such a nature as his. But when Bob's relations had about given him up, as doomed to inevitable destruction, he suddenly threw off his bad habits, like an old garment, in which he had seen fit to masquerade for a time, and came home, newly as fresh as though none of the defilements of earth had ever clung about him; and just enough—devilry left, to be eternally irritating the pleasing side of adventures, that had all their loth-someness carefully disguised, until he made himself a *vine-fined* Othello to every woman whom he chose to regard as a Desdemona.

Why Nora Whitfield should have taken, like last cakes with him, I couldn't see; but she did; as it soon became evident to any one who chose to notice the way matters were going. Aside the only piece of real estate remaining to Bob, was an old plantation, unfortunately adjoining my own; between me and Mr. Whitfield—and just when every one was expecting the grand old owner of "Rock Castle" to sell out voluntarily, or by the forced action of a sheriff, Robert Acres appeared in our midst, declaring his determination to pursue the gay and lamentable avocation of a farmer, henceforth. The old people shook their heads with a sort of augury that looked no better than bad luck, than to any of the other more plausible schemes; but when Bob walked up the aisle of our country church on the Sunday after his arrival, with uncovered head, erect figure and measured pace, the eyes of half the women in the congregation were cast furtively upon him, and the exquisite sage-grass knew, though he affected to be on unconscious, that he was creating a sensation which only the Grand Duke Alexis has awakened at a later date in another sphere.

There was profound reverence in his deportment during service, and when he moved gracefully along with the dispersing crowd, other young men, who had fancied themselves well dressed, in the morning, found themselves in a state of confusion, from that their attire could not stand comparison with the true Parisian cut and magic finish of his. His reputation as a heartless gallant, too, would have aroused an ardent curiosity to view him with disfavor; but Bob either was, or affected to be, entirely ignorant of these things, and the modest ease with which he saluted a few of them as he considered to have seen when he was a small boy, was really amusing to any one not immediately concerned, as I had no reason to suppose myself to be at the time. He shook hands with cold, formal Mr. Whitfield, as though the one wish of his life, in all the years of his absence, had been to get back to him, and him alone—greeted Mrs. Whitfield with the chivalrous courtesy of a knight of the olden time; and spoke to Nora with just the ease, confound him, as though he had danced half the evening before with her, and had seen her at least three times a week for the past twelve months, when, in reality they had not met since they were respectively twelve and eight years of age, and had been formed by their parents, "little sweethearts to each other." I smiled complacently, to think how heavily Mr. Whitfield would frown at the barest suggestion of such a relationship for them now or in the future; and was thus consoled for the momentary annoyance I had experienced, when Nora turned her pretty brown eyes up to his handsome face:

"Except that I find you a queenly woman, instead of a fairy child, you have not changed at all," said Bob easily, "and honestly, I had no doubt, last night of you, when I felt the inexplicable charm of your influence returning upon me."

"And you," replied Nora, without appearing the least offended at such open flattery, "I see are all that I ever took you to be; I should never hate known you." And there was a yet more objectionable element in the expression than in the words, as though she meant to imply a great improvement on former days, when he knew he had always been famous for his beauty.

Then they fell to talking with an ease that made me burn with envy, chatting irresistably as he walked on her left hand to the carriage, while I obstinately kept my place on the right, and observed with pleasure that Nora had not yet learned to lean on her escort's arm. Of course no one had ever had anything seriously to the charge of Bob's honor, and she could not avoid asking him to see them there after. But anyone with half an eye could have perceived that it was for form's sake, and that she would even wish him to regard it in that light. Bob Acres, however, must have been the most unsuspicious of mortals, for on going over that evening, as I usually did on a Sunday afternoon, who should I find but Bob, as big as life, having himself out generally, as though he had been the patron of the whole family from time immemorial.

It was in vain for Mrs. Whitfield to look grave, or for Mr. Whitfield to frown. They met me with a half-suppressed laugh at his jokes, and gave over at last with genuine merriment. As for Nora, they seemed to fall into the old understanding, without any renewed explanation. I had never seen anything like it. She was far easier with him in a couple of hours than she was with me, though we had been engaged for a whole year. And while I sat wondering where he got all his assurance from, I carried guilty, as if he were answering my thoughts, when he said in reply to some remark of hers, "In Paris," and, turning to me, asked:

"Theodore, old fellow, were you ever in Paris?" And when I replied, somewhat formally, that "my means had never justified me in the indulgence of foreign travel and dissipation," he answered with the most provoking good nature, "Ah! you will some day, and you have a great treat before you," and went on monopolizing Nora as before.

"Mr. Acres will be quite a lion with you ladies," I said, desperately, to Alice Harrison, a cousin of Nora's, whom I was thus left to entertain in spite of myself.

"He is so tiresomely agreeable, and I feared that he would readily dispense with that role, I think, or turn it over to some ambitious tyro," she replied, with a smile of amusement at my evident disposition to dislike him. "He looks as if he had begun with a determination to amuse himself, and our neighborhood is dull enough to catch a little inspiration in that line from him, and be improved."

"You have met him abroad, I think," said I, by way of keeping up the conversation.

"Yes," she returned. "I saw him frequently when I was with papa in Italy."

"He was rather a gay bird abroad, I fancy," said I, trying to speak as indifferently as I could.

"So report said of him," she replied. "He appeared to me about the same there as here."

"He at least has not been so forgetful of old associations but that he brings back with him a very lively appreciation of the friends of his childhood," I resumed.

"Of Nora, especially," she answered with a provoking smile. "He remembered her perfectly, though they had not met for so long."

"I do not wonder at that," I replied, "for, as she says, she hasn't changed very little. He, too, is much the same, outwardly."

"I never saw him when he and Nora were youthful lovers," she said in a tone that vexed me; for it implied that they were quite old lovers now. Was it possible that she was ignorant of the relations existing between Nora and myself. I scrutinized her face narrowly, but there was no mischievous twinkle, no half-latent merriment to indicate any purpose of reeking me. Perhaps Nora had considered her engagement with me a sort of quasi understanding, such as young women frequently enter into nowadays—that is, a mental reservation on her part that she would take me if she failed to get any one she liked better. Not a flattering impression this, to take possession of a man who is not without his little personal vanities too.

I may have been over-modest in the beginning of this sketch, in the comparison, or rather the contrast drawn between Bob and myself; but I was conscious of something less of the world, but my family was as much in for his any day. I was esteemed more than passably good looking, with one or two admirers of the gentler sex, and a young lawyer of rising reputation, consulted even by Bob on some matters relating to his affairs, and I decided, with some anger that I was not prepared to be baffled so easily, that Bob, however, in no very good humor with myself or the world, and feeling still piqued, I did not scruple to let Mr. Whitfield into

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NOTICE TO EXCHANGES.

Each number of the SATURDAY EVENING POST *is duly copyrighted, but all are welcome to freely republish any articles to its columns, provided that due credit be given to this paper.*

A NEW STORY!

In our issue of September 16, No. 8, of the SATURDAY EVENING POST, will be commenced a new and brilliant story,

"THE LILY OF ST. ERNE!"

by the popular AUTHOR of "RETHERN'S SECRET," "HELENA LYLE," &c.

This is a picturesque and fascinating story, rich in conception, and replete with graphic incidents, and cannot fail to interest all true lovers of classical fiction.

STEALING A RIDE.

If a poor unfortunate is detected in the act of stealing a ride on the railway cars, the train is stopped, and he is unceremoniously ejected, while the world looks on approving by and shouts, "served him right."

Under ordinary circumstances, it is deemed vulgar and contemptible to steal a ride, not criminally depreciable, its true, but, sufficiently unseemly to elicit general condemnation.

And yet, how many are there in the great world of reality who are stealing rides all life long! How many sons are riding into political prominence on the reputations of their fathers! How many merchants are riding into affluence on the counsel of friends and the reputation of employers! How many writers are riding into celebrity on the brains of their prompters! How many generals are riding into glory on the heroism of their soldiers! How many clergymen are riding into fame on the capital of their followers!

How many ladies are riding into social royalty on the skill of their dressmakers! How many thousands are riding grandly and proudly on the shattered hopes, the stolen charms, the plundered purses of other struggling hosts of humanity!

Ere we credit a man for what he pretends to be, let us ascertain what he is.

Ere we applaud the master strokes of a favored statesman, let us know by what artifice he has vanquished opposition.

Ere we accept the dictation of a ruler, let us know by what right he assumes to govern.

Ere we bow at the shrine of a belle, let us know the essence of her beauty.

If a man would attain true eminence, let him depend upon his own resources, live with the age, and catch inspiration from the thoughts, the manners, and the aims of the greatest of earth's great heroes, the noblest of earth's noblemen.

THE RIGHT KIND OF SUCCESS.

It may be questioned whether there is any one of the principles or passions of our nature more deeply rooted, than the love of fame; the desire to occupy a place in the tablet of human remembrance. Through life it remains unsubdued, and even in death the ruling passion is in the ascendency. There is scarcely a man on the globe inaccessible to the awakening stimulus of distinction. Human nature has an abhorrence, instinctive and powerful, of the idea of being forgotten. This is so strong, that any notoriety, however disgraceful, is oft times preferred to unobtrusive, and, therefore, obscure merit. History furnishes evidences of this. Prominently, the man who burnt the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, because he would compel the world to remember him. Even among the criminals of our own times, men have been found who have expressed an inhuman satisfaction in anticipating the moment of appearing before a crowded court-room, or being referred to in the newspapers.

There is a wide difference between the success of a true life, and the success which is the result of a popular life. The metre trickster at the trough of matchboard cut, if he possesses popular tact, gain popular success. The necessary elements are a little money, MOST assurance, and influential friends to advance him into a structure, where fame is cheapened by being filtered through the sieve of respectability. He may be the veriest numbskull in existence, and, with these auxiliaries, become a silver mounted member of society. Popular success does not foster the development of character, which is the grand object of mental and moral discipline. A man's character is his own to make and keep.

Some characters are made in a moment. Now and then, a young man will grow up and move along in an indolent, aimless groove, until, some day, he becomes lodged between circumstances that threaten his fortune and happiness, and, in an instant, he springs away from them and becomes a man of iron will and resolute purpose. Such cases are scarce, and less useful, than those who grow steadily and surely to the perfection of manhood.

If you have fought your way up single handed from boyhood, with adversity as a companion, and have reached the meridian eve of life, with a good name and a fair share of this worlds goods, you have done well. But you have not achieved the success unless, in all these years, that other life,—the life that lives apart from the physical muscle,—in some of its demands has kept equal pace in the conflict. Your life may have yielded pudding and respectability, but if there has been no hold upon the events of the world, no sympathy between labor and social and moral advancement, no demands upon your heart from those about you, then you have only attained popular success, that will not suffice in that day when the babe shall receive his perfect reward, and all stains of mortal wine shall fade beneath the glow of immortality.

SO NATURAL.

Many years ago, when speculation in real estate was very active, the owner of a farm at Greenpoint, (now Brooklyn), L. I., a widow, was desirous of selling it, and had fixed the price at $10,000, but it appeared to be overlooked for a long time. Finally the widow's son, an easy going countryman, while at the grocery store in the village, heard a stranger inquiring for land, and offered the farm.

"What is the price?" was asked.

"$10,000," was the bold answer.

The stranger looked over the property and asked "on what terms will it be sold?"

"One half cash, the other half in five annual instalments, secured by mortgage on the property."

After a few moments deliberation, the the stranger accepted the offer, paid $500 as earnest, and ordered the papers made out at once.

The son returned home to announce the news. "I've sold the farm, mother."

"You don't say so, for how much?"

"Guess."

"Ten thousand dollars."

"Guess again."

"You didn't get fifteen thousand?"

"Guess again."

"Well, I'll make it enough this time, twenty-five thousand!"

And yet the only answer was, "Guess again."

"I shan't guess no more, for I know you're foolin', John."

"Well, mother, I've sold it for one hundred thousand dollars!"

"Good gracious," exclaimed the mother, "when she could get breath, "What terms did you make?"

"Half cash, and half yearly for five years."

Then human nature spoke out, "*You great fool, we shall never get the rest of the money in the world!*"

The money, however, was all paid, and the tract is now owned by Union College, N. Y.

POLITICIAN'S motto: "Put yourself in his place."

THE Centennial Commissioners have at last determined to find out, if possible, about how old Susan B. Anthony really is.

WHEN the force of circumstances would press you down, remember that you are yours if very much of a circumstance, and press up with all your force.

A PHILADELPHIA mosquito will do more tossing around some other fellow's business, with less satisfaction to the other fellow, than any other insect living, except a brass new mother-in-law.

A GREEN Street patriot is wondering if Martha Washington ever called George an odd bull headed sardine," because he went away in the morning without splitting any kindling wood.

PROFESSOR HEALEY will solve a very complicated matrimonial problem, if, during his visit to this country, he will tell us why, when one's first lady wants to get sick, it always selects the coldest weather on record, at two o'clock in the morning.

"I've fenced in twenty times eaten beaves' fore now," said an old lady as the large Centennial organ was being played a day or two ago, "but now I see one, and if any Jonberwag could a lived to a heered Haste to the Weddin frickyseed up like that, he'd a rested a heap more peacefuller."

WE never could imagine how nature manages to pack so much noise into one baby, but, if you should see one of those juvenilities about the centre of the Main Building, kicking and squirming as though he had swallowed a galvanic battery, and bore him, you would think that he had been turned on concentrated brass bands.

A newspaper correspondent describing a dashing beauty at one of our watering-places says: "She is as fresh and fair as a soft summer night, full of stars and the bells of two seasons." Any young lady, who can fill herself with stars, and dower a belle of two seasons, certainly has magnificent disciplinary facilities if she still remains fresh and fair.

OLD

BY DU PONT.

Haggard and old, you haggard and old,
Wrinkled and faded, hungry and cold,
Begging for bread of the people I meet,
Hurrying home through the crowded street.
Have you no children, haggard and old,
Haggard and old, haggard and old?

Haggard and old, haggard and old,
In the lane were out to the rain and cold.
The shivering limbs can scarcely bear
The pass old man with the silvery hair
Half that once rippled with curlless grace
Over a young and beautiful face.
Yet now those locks are wasted and few,
Out in the snow the rain and the low.
Under the starless sky to night
Is the bowed head with the locks of white.

Haggard and old, so haggard and old—
And the multitude passes and takes no fold.
Now dreads to meet the careless face
Of type that once were its very own.
I dread to meet the friends I knew
When my heart was right and they were true.
For they passed me by on the other hand
Of hunger and cold and want may die.

Haggard and old, haggard and old,
Was the face that thirteen lay and cold.
But a smile of heavenly peace and grace
Gave a beauty divine to the old man's face.
And thus, who refused him a morsel of bread
Wept when they found him cold and dead.

AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

In our last letter we gave the outline of Great Britain's exhibit, not including her colonies, which will form the subject of the present communication. The necessity of economizing space, prevents our giving as elaborate a description of the varied details as the well deserve, but to do justice in that way would form quite a volume of itself.

To commence with

THE BAHAMAS,

as this chain of small islands is generally known to the world, we find a very creditable display consisting of salt, fruit, sponges, barks, dye woods, turtle shell and shell work.

Before entering upon our description of the articles exhibited, it may not be inopportune to give a few items concerning the history of the Islands.

There are nineteen principal Islands, New Providence, the most important, containing Nassau, the capital, which being neutral ground during the late war, acquired so unenviable celebrity.

ST. SALVADOR,

belonging to this chain possesses, however, more historical interest than any of the rest, being the first land sighted by Columbus Two hundred and fifty years after he had discovered it, commerce commenced with the export of pine apples from Eleuthera, and fifty years later cotton was cultivated, and salt and different woods added to the exports.

In 1629, New Providence was settled by the English, and retained by them until 1641, when the Spaniards, in search of some of their growing power, attacked and drove them away. Again in 1667, did the stubborn British renew their claim, but in 1703 the French and Spaniards combined and again wrested it from them. In 1713, by the peace of Versailles, the entire chain was surrendered to Great Britain.

The Turks and Caicos Islands were separated from the other Bahamas, and formed into a government subject to the Governor of Jamaica in 1848.

There are said to be ten colonial customhouses, and sixty ports in these Islands. Nassau being chief.

So much for their history. The climate is said to be delightful beyond description, pronounced by many equal to the balmy air and luscious fruits reigning.

Quite a number of specimens of turned wood in the form of walking canes, bread platters, etc., are shown. Among the former may be seen canes of red and black wood, Cassava, cocoanut wood, mahogany, green ebony, Cascarilla, wild lemon, Tamarind, Guaiza, and wild coffee. The same wood and green ebony are particularly handsome.

A curious card tray, is manufactured out of nine different kinds of wood, and is finely finished. Dye woods are shown, which we are told are to be presented to the Cornell University, Ithaca, New York.

IN SPONGES,

there are some excellent specimens, comprising four of the species of the sheep, wool and sponge, the velvet, the grass and reed kinds. These are said to form a principal part of the exports to the United States and London.

IN SHELLS,

there are some very beautiful tinted conchs shown. The variety known as the "Queen Conch" being particularly noticeable for delicacy of its coloring. There are one or two specimens of the smaller shells found on the Islands, and arranged with much taste. Then there is shell work done mostly by ladies, resident upon the Islands. The articles are made up into fancy goods, the making of these articles. Quite a handsome Epergne, formed of shells is shown, and is really very beautiful and ingenious in its construction. It is valued at five hundred dollars.

Then there are crosses, wreaths, fruit baskets, etc. A memorial wreath, and sets of jewelry made of small shells, combined with fish scales.

Some large pieces of tortoise shell are shown also one entire tortoise back, cleaned and handsomely polished by a citizen of Nassau.

Some excellent pieces of work in the form of hand-wrought jewelry, chains, a spoon and paper knife claim attention. Compared with the Bahamas, Jamaica and its other Islands, it does it does well and is of a beautiful color.

Among the curiosities are many little articles, made from the seed of the Lignum Vitæ, seed of the tree bearing that name and which grows wild in the Bahamas. It is a species of Acacia, and has the most charming feathery tuffs of flowers, which have a perfume resembling ripe peaches. The articles made from the beans are card baskets, watch cases, bags, bracelets, and a very pretty cross.

An interesting case contains the different

FIBRES,

useful in manufactures, among which may be recognized the Pina plant, the plantain tree, banana, pine apple, aloe, Espanto grass, Wood made from the leaf of the forest pine, and some other trees. Most of these fibres are utilized and form an important article of export, excepting that from the banana tree, as there is such a great quantity of it obtainable and it is strong, it is thought that it will soon be added to the list.

A rope and net made from the bark of the wild fig tree are interesting and have a very rich tint of color. Many articles of

PALMETTO LEAF

—hats, mats, baskets, etc., are shown, but with these we are more familiar, as the palmetto palm grows so largely upon our south ern coast. Therefore the work from the leaf is not a curiosity to our eyes.

The display of salt for table use is good, as also the collection of barks known to commerce. Some was made from the mangle bark, is shown, and has a pale green tint. A curious equitable sponge, called the sesame sponge in botanical language, attracts our regard. It is said to be excellent for bathing purposes, but not so soft as the sea sponge.

A tempting array of

JARS,

containing pickles and preserves causes us to break the 10th commandment. And here we suggest that it would not be a bad idea to give those who admire these *special* exhibits an opportunity to test their merits other than is afforded by sense of sight only.

From the Bahamas we come over to the

BERMUDAS,

or, as they are sometimes called, Somers Islands. Of these there are said to be one hundred, only fifteen or sixteen are inhabited, Bermuda proper being the largest, yet only measuring three and a half miles across, and containing less than twenty square miles.

We are told that the name Bermudas was given them from Bermudez, a Spaniard, who sighted them first in 1527.

The name always suggests the dietetic preparation made from one of the chief articles of export, arrow root, and is associated with days of slow convalescence.

We are told that the first printing press was introduced upon the Island in 1784, and a public library in 1839.

Among the articles exhibited in this Department are, of course, arrow root in several forms, dried and preserved fruits, corals, sponges, sea fans, sea rods, bath mats, from Bermuda grass, articles of lace work, etc.

Among these latter are a point lace dress, lace jacket, a sofa pillow, and smaller articles of no inconsiderable merit.

There is the finest display of

CORALS,

in the natural state, that are to be seen in the Main Building, only being equalled by the corals from the Micronesian Islands, for size and symmetry of form being unsurpassed. There is a beautiful

STALACMITE,

taken from the floor of a submerged cave, which latter was 150 and a half feet below low water mark. This stalagmite is to the form of a pillar. And to it is attached a stalactite taken from the top of the same cave, when submerged below low water mark.

The Lords of the Admiralty, these patents state, have exhibit a model of Her Majesty's Floating Dock at Bermuda.

There are maps, one or two pictures of native scenery and some fine photographs among the pictures. An Albumen in Bermuda," by Mrs. Thorpe is very graceful in detail and well colored.

BRITISH GUIANA

comes next on our list, but we find its exhibits in proportion to its size and not varied, consisting, for the most part of different sugars, rum, rice and different fibres utilized. Among these latter are the silk grass fibre, which is very pretty and very much like silk thread in appearance, and the monkey apple fibre, which is curious.

A piece of green heart wood is shown, nearly one hundred years old, and is of a fine, high-colored grain.

CEYLON AND THE STRAITS SETTLEMENTS

follow next. We find the forms of child-ish memory running through our thoughts as a sort of accompaniment suggested at the sound of the name

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,

and find the small display of raw products from the "favored islands" to accord well with its aromatic reputation.

Among the Straits settlements we find Singapore, Penang and the familiar name of Malacca. This last named is a very old settlement, dating from 1511. There are but few articles exhibited, just samples of the raw products displayed in some firm, and being pretty much the same as that of Ceylon.

IN JAMAICA,

there is such a markedly interesting display that we are always tempted to linger over it. It is deeply attractive from the fact of having been discovered by Columbus, 1494—a fact, we think, not generally realized by us. To it he first gave the name of St. Jago, and it remained under Spanish rule for one hundred and sixty one years.

It capitulated to a force sent by the great Puritan usurper, Cromwell, but it was due to Charles the Second to inaugurate there a form of civil government in 1660.

It is said to be singularly free from those scourges of tropical islands, earthquakes and hurricanes, and owing to the mountains chain running down the centre, possesses a climate more approaching that to be found in the temperate zones.

Quite a fine display of native Tobacco, in leaf, cigars and cigarettes is shown. Some specimens of progress in the shape of furniture, etc., are shown, very creditable too.

To us, the articles made from the Logwood are face back which, as we have stated in a previous letter, is the inner bark of the Gen ipa Palm, are the most attractive. Of all The dainty mats edged with palmetto braids and ornamented with pressed ferns, and delicate lines, are really artistic. Then there are hats with flowers and phrases all made of this fairy like fabric. We could wish some of flowers, same to be natural size, others dyed, as shown.

Ornaments from the Dagger Plant are in process and odd looking. Necklaces of pebbles and seeds, sewed and polished.

Quaintly traced Calabashes or gourds, made into cups and bowls. Wax models of fruits, the work quite artistic, which we are told have a smaller, tender grain than the other offers, being free of a clear shade of green. Preserved fruits, wines, liqueurs, oils, drugs and perfumes, which lower articles go to make up a very complete exhibit. Jamaica, we must not forget, however, used many years ago, to be the favorite resort of such English land holders who preferred to invest in West Indian plantations rather than in cultivating the native soil. Some much of its progress and degree of civilization may be accounted for, though "Inhabel" is written too soon on the pebble glass.

THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA

comes next in order. This composes exhibits from that section of Upper Guinea, stretching from the river Assini on the west, to the river Volta on the east, and along the Gulf of Guinea.

Quite a varied display of native cloths are shown. Cape Coast cloth, made entirely of native cotton and dyes. Ashantee cloth, printed by natives. Ashantee silk cloth which resembles our "tea silk," or foulard silk; king kob Calla cloth; Kombee cloth, and many others. One piece of cloth from Warsaw, is so variegated as Joseph's coat.

We are also shown

NATIVE LOOMS,

and specimens of cloth in the loom. Some excellent samples of wood knitting by the colonial schools, and specimens of a yellow dye and oddly shaped. A satchel of tanned leather, quite neatly made, and also some goat skin furs, trimmed with leather work.

Mats, materials for a dress and Envelope Pocket, made of Ochoma wood, and by native workmen, even the look being of native construction.

Models of canoes and paddles, stools and boards for native games. A sword of State, with a handsomely carved wooden handle plated with gold.

Strange figures of God and Goddesses from Abeokuta. An image, exhibited at native funerals, and hideous enough to frighten the timid into believing anything. Some fine leopard and a large sized black monkey's skins are to be seen.

IN EARTHENWARE

there is quite an assortment of articles for domestic use, some resembling in a marked degree Egyptian pottery. An oddly shaped lamp, with some quaint black bottles from Wassaw, and a bit of Ashantee pipe of native clay, complete the list.

There are native arms, swords and arrows, also musical instruments, which latter from their grotesque appearance, it is reasonable to infer can only charm the ears of the inventors and their countrymen. One, a guitar, which resembles a guitar, another a rude kind of fiddle, with a bow, a horn and a sort of flageolet.

There is a very

WHITE CLAY

shown, which, we are told, is used medicinally and also to decorate, or mark wives who are parted from their husbands. It is used to adorn the successful in fan suits, and at marriages feasts is employed as symbolic of purity.

From the specimens of such of the natives of that country, as it has been our fortune to see, we can well agree that the "mark," would be noticeable for decided contrast, if nothing else.

There are fine specimens of palm and other oils, aromatic pepper and ginger, which last to have been grown in right months after planting the seed, by a colonial school mistress. Starch is shown in two forms—the Cassada starch and Tolooch Powder starch, a remedy for bandages. (The latter by an Englishman;)

A tempting display of gold dust and ornaments of gold is made. Among the latter are rings, gum chains, locks and keys, etc. In some there is a fine show of good work manship, richly defined tracings and carvings, with quite a tasteful collection of designs. Here, too, we see the "beetle jos ehy," as famous in Brazil

Mauritius, another of the British possessions, sends quite a large assortment of woods and about fifteen samples of sugar. There are three books on the medical plants of Mauritius, two copies of the Mauritius almanac for 1874 and some pleasing photographic views of scenery and the inhabitants. According to statistics, it must be farther advanced in the arts and sciences than most of the other small islands under European government. The exhibit from the

SEYCHELLES AND MICHEL ATOL,

or Mahe Islands, is attractive from the delicacy of its straw work if nothing else. There is, too, a certain taste in the disposing of the various articles that completes a fine tone touch, we cannot say why not where here, but we the impression remains. The specimens of straw work are done from the inner bark of the cocoa de mer. Several of the nuts themselves are shown in the rough state. They are larger and of a somewhat different shape to the cocoanut which we are accustomed to see, not being so symmetrical. There are baskets, hats, slippers, watch pockets, cream cups and saucers of the most exquisitely fine plaiting, and mostly the work of one lady, Miss Bonpart.

Cocoanut oil, cocoanut oil, cotton, cloves and turtle shell are among the other items. We have not before paid any special attention to the display from

TRINIDAD.

there being so much else surrounding it to engross the eye. It now comes to for a share in the picture," among the other colonial possessions and quite a large display of native woods may be seen. We are told there are fifty-two hundred and thirty-five varieties shown. Trinidad, it is said, ultimately became a British possession in 1802, by the peace of Amiens, by an arrangement which Britain restored all places taken from Spain, except Ceylon and Trinidad. Spices, wood fibres, sugar, molasses and Tamarin dwarf are to be seen. Some baskets of the noted Nagapora Bitters, manufactured at Port-of-Spain, by a Dr. Siegert, are shown. Curious little strainers, in miniature size of coarse, called guavares, used for straining and preparing cassava meal, and small baskets of the guavares, used by the women for carrying loads, are interesting as exemplifying native customs. A Man Venure Mandolin, the baskets made of what is known as the vowel gourd, and in addition to the odd appearance of the baskets themselves, there is the attraction of knowing that a Venure made them—the first named we believe of that luxurious pleasure loving goddess meddling with the useful arts. Come we now to great

AUSTRALIA,

and adjoining Islands. Were one to credit all the marvellous stories one reads of that enchanted region, one might fancy that the fiction of fairy land had become reality, and only had transferred its realm to this biggest of islands. Victoria is said to be the most populous colony in Australia, and has an extremely southern situation. The Islands, with the exception of the hot winds, which set in about nine o'clock in the forenoon, and which are distressing to both human beings and flora, is said to be one of great salubrity. That is, we are told, the case in fact stated about these hot dry winds, that while they are oppressive and depressing in their present influence, the after effect is good. The dry and intense heat produced acting as an excellent disinfectant, and destroying the malaria so common to such southern localities.

There is a fine display of rocks, minerals and fossils, together with the results of celebrated magnetic fair in the gold regions. Ceramics, pottery and porcelain are creditable, and specimens of flax in the natural state, with materials made from it, cocoons and silk in the batik, also, what is called Victoria silk, worked on Brussels net. A piano-forte, made from colonial timbers will compare well with those of some leading firms. There is a great deal of care displayed in the finish and general details of this instrument. There is also a cottage piano which we are told has a very charming tone. we have not yet had the good fortune to judge accurately if not exactly of that fact.

Some of the books and specimens of their notes, which are upon excellent paper and well engraved. In photographs, we find the Victorians not a bit behind the rest of the world. In fact, there is a great clearness and distinctness of outlines that we often miss at home in these photographs, due perhaps to a different atmosphere.

There are some stuffed birds and native animals in the display. The most curious of native animals is the "Duck Bill," which has the body of an Otter and the bill of a duck. The most magnificent specimen of ichthyal schools are sculptures of a yellow color and oddly shaped. A satchel of tanned leather, quite neatly made and also some goat skin furs, trimmed with leather work.

The Emeu and Cassowary, resembling somewhat the African Ostrich, are on exhibition. Nothing can be more beautiful than the Emeu egg. It is not as large as the Ostrich egg, but far handsomer, being of the deepest shade of myrtle green, and having a roughened surface. The shell seems to be tough enough, and just possessing the troublesome brittleness of other eggs is capable of being wrought upon, and made into very beautiful articles of ornament.

A centre piece of silver, has for principal ornament, the egg set in silver, and serving as a receptacle for flowers.

The silver contrasting fairly with the deep green of the shell. Among the articles shown is a ventilating safety cage for wines. This is so constructed that it acts as ventilator to the wines, and should the rope break, the cage will stick in the shaft, and not fall. Next we come to

QUEENSLAND,

which, indeed, for size, and rapid growth, may well merit its name, being queen of the other colonies. In addition to other objects of interest displayed, there is an exhibit of silk culture, which we are told is very attractive to the scientist and also the farmer. Most of them are unequalled in richness. Among the

GEMS DISPLAYED

are gold, silver, lead, copper, antimony, bismuth, tin, from various sections. Among the products are tobacco, silk, sugar, cocoa nut, wine, flour, candied fruit, etc. Some fine opals are shown, as are also specimens of calcedony, agate and serpentine. This latter is inclined to be somewhat fine veining and, as is shown, is capable of the highest degree of polish.

A case of butterflies almost as brilliant in rainbow tints, as the humming birds which from thence must be seen. One large insect, being of different shades of green, so vivid in tone, and so perfect in form, that we are fain to believe it is

TUASNIA

In itself, not unemployed for the occasion and only "playing dead," as the children say.

TASMANIA

possesses much to interest one, but our space failing, we are compelled to give only a passing notice. There are some curious photographs of "Mount Wellington," "Murray pretty and "Patty," framed in muck wood with "Lalla Rook," and "Bessie Clark," are handsomely enclosed with a framing of myrtle wood. The former of these ladies is said to be the sole survivor of the Tasmanian Aboriginies, and with this fact, make her ladyship a remarkable woman. we could not exactly learn her a remarkable woman. As a companion portrait may be mentioned, that of "Bobby Lannyer, the last Tasmanian Aboriginal man." Suffice for his mutely beauty, be it to remark, that if the fair (?) Lalla Rook is a Tasmanian venus, he may also claim the right to be an Appollo—and find his dark admirers. Some of the most charming sea-shells are to be seen in this department.

Three very pretty tables, painted in groups of native ferns, wreaths of flowers, are shown, the very praiseworthy work of ladies from Hobart-town.

Also, we see newspapers and books.

A carved ivory stand, combined with wood, and intended for holding eggs; and also, carved bottles, in rotten-stone.

Nor can we pass by, unnoted, an excellent pencil drawing of "Ayers in Tasmania in Moonlight," the work of a lady artist, Mrs. Hugh Hull, Hobart-town. It is very well, and has the effect of crayon drawing

Last we come to

NEW ZEALAND,

which we learn is often called the "Great Britain of the Southern Hemisphere."

The Aborigines of this Island are called Maories, and are said to be more than a remarkable people in their way—resembling somewhat the clans of the Highlands of Scotland, with the exception of some very singular native weapons. A short horse weapon called "Patate Rango," handed down from an ancestor called Kalimin, four generations back—with which, many kings were despatched, is shown. It partakes of the nature of the Boomerang. A weapon called the "Tohiora," was used in killing the great prophet and leader of the Hauhau forces, at the battle of Moutoa, in 1864.

Many curious spears are shown, made of ancient fish bones tipped with human bone.

A flax mat, multi-woven with feathers of the native wood, pigeon, is shown; and is, necessarily, a gift to the Princess of Wales of the United States. Several green stone ornaments for the ear are of a beautiful lustre. A stone axe, and also a hatchet, during the aborigines back ages, are shown.

The East India exhibit is so large and rich that it deserves a letter to itself. Never have more exquisite carvings in wood, or chasing in gold and silver been seen upon this Continent. The great taste displayed in the disposal of the rich articles, so lavishly displayed, adds markedly to the effect. And so with a great reluctance we leave the gay wares from Delhi and Calcutta, the relics from the banks of the sacred Ganges, so dear to the Hindoo Maiden, and reserve a description of their several beauties until a more convenient season.

WHOSE MONEY?

BY S. A. M. MOSS.

Whenever I meet the seemingly rich, the gaily attired, the bejewelled, bedazed, bedecked, and bedizened lady, a question in my heart. "Whose money buys all these fine things?"

Is it yours, madam?

No, is it yours?

Yours by any right or might; yours hardly earned, yours stolen, yours cheated, yours by failing, craft, cunning, or any trick of trade?

If the money was yours, with which you bought all this finery, very well, wear it with grace, dignity, pleasure, comfort, and, if you can, a clear conscience. I wish only I might wear as good.

But if the money with which you purchase pleasure is not yours, if those in your employ are suffering for want of what you so idly spend; if their families are starving and freezing because of their stinted wages; if the lawyer harasses them and the doctor, merchant, and grocer will not trust them, then walk home from your Saratoga or Newport, your White Mountains and Green Valleys, and give the money which is not yours by any right, except might, to the lowest, waiting men and women whom you owe. Strip off your borrowed finery; lay aside your silks and laces, and wear calicoes, and stay at home until you are sure that the money you will spend abroad is your very own.

OCCUPATION FOR CHILDREN.—The habits of children prove that occupation is a necessity to much of them. They love to be busy, even about nothing, still more to be usefully employed. "Idleness is the mother of mischief." Children should be taught to be as independent of the services of others as possible, letting them alike to make a good use of prosperity, and to meet with fortitude any reverse of fortune that may befall them.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

NEWS NOTES.

THE recent census of Montreal places the population at 148,000.

THERE are 360 journals in the German language published in this country.

PRELIMINARY work on the Paris International Exhibition has already begun.

SPEAKER M. C. Kerr died at Rockbridge Alum Springs, Va., on the 19th of August.

THE price of silver in England is rising on account of the extreme firmness of the price of silk.

GEN. WADE HAMPTON has been nominated for Governor by the Democrats of South Carolina.

GEN. TOM THUMB is said to have exchanged his yacht "Maggie B." for a solitaire diamond worth $5,000.

STANLEY found a race of marvelously beautiful women in Central Africa. That accounts for his long absence.

PRINCE MILAN has issued a proclamation declaring that Servia and Montenegro will fight together to the last.

THE contract between the Erie Railway and the United States Express Company has been renewed for five years.

A BILL has just been passed by the Texas Legislature granting State aid to the building of a sea wall before Galveston.

A SOCIETY has been formed in England, the object of which is "united prayer for the protection of ourselves from cruelty."

GENERAL GARIBALDI has accepted the Presidency of the "League for the Liberation of the Slave-Hellenic Peninsula."

NEW ORLEANS mourns the loss of her Texas trade because St. Louis got ahead of her in effecting railroad communications.

THE government has entered suit against the Missouri Pacific Railroad for taxes from 1864 to 1872, under the old income law.

IT is officially announced that the Servian troops under General Harvatovich have recaptured Gurgusovatz and occupied Trestibabo.

A WEEKLY German newspaper, called the *Ethal Asiatic Eclipstic*, is published in Tokio, Japan. The compositors are all native Japanese.

A NEW military company in Texas is called "The Custer Light Horse Cavalry," and the members nearly all served in the Confederate army.

ONE of the street railroads in Paris uses a locomotive without a furnace. It has a reservoir of superheated water, which furnishes a supply of steam.

NEW York and Philadelphia are to have permanent balconies of the Venetian fashion after the close of the Exhibition, to produce what Bayard Taylor pronounces honest bread.

MANCHESTER, N. H., claims to be the only manufacturing city of New England where the mills have been operated without interruption on full time and without reduction in wages.

COMMODORE Vanderbilt was in May the patient of a spirit medium, who was paid $500 for the "laying on of hands," which was probably a good, sound rubbing, for it seems to have done him some good at the time.

THE boxwood used by the engravers is brought from the region of the Black and Caspian seas, and is said to grow in perfection nowhere else. A cubic foot of it weighs seventy-five pounds, and the prices range from $75 to $250 a ton.

THE prevalence of opium-smoking in Virginia City, Nevada, is appalling. In one of the fashionable dens 150 whites, of both sexes, held high carnival two weeks ago, the majority of them belonging to the best classes of the town.

THERE has been terrible devastation by grasshoppers on the northwestern, western, and southwestern borders of Minnesota. The damage done by these pests is incalculable, but the amount of crops destroyed is so far inconsiderable, and the yield as a whole, although hundreds of industrious, hard-working settlers have lost their all, and have nothing left to live upon.

THE vegetable and fruit crop is small this year. The berry crops, except currants, have been small and unprofitable to the growers. Apples are plentiful, but small in size. The peach crop is not more than one-third as large as last year's crop, but the fruit is of better quality and fine flavor.

BY direction of the Society of Arts, of London, tablets have been placed upon houses formerly occupied by the following distinguished persons: John Dryden, George Handel, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Lord Byron, John Flaxman, Napoleon III, Mrs. Siddons, Samuel Johnson, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Franklin, George Canning, David Garrick, Horatio Nelson, and Michael Faraday. Franklin's memorial may be seen at No. 7 Craven street.

THE lottery business in this country has received a blow which must be fatal. By the laws of different States the business has been made locally illegal and generally disreputable; but both branches of Congress have passed a law containing a provision that prohibits the circulation through the mails of any letters or circulars containing lotteries, or any gift enterprise or similar scheme in the nature of a lottery. The penalty is a heavy fine which will be sufficient to debar the lottery agents from taking the risk.

The Court of Queen's Bench has discharged the rule nisi against the "Hour," for libelling Sir Charles Russell, Baronet, member of Parliament for Westminster, in the publication of several articles charging him with financial embezzlement in connection with the Peruvian bonds. The defendants retracted, without reserve, every imputation against Sir Charles Russell and paid the costs. In the course of the proceedings it transpired that Mr. MacDonald was not longer the proprietor and editor of the "Hour."

AN official dispatch received here claims that the Turks were repulsed twice during last week. Despite their numbers they were unable even to approach the fortifications of Alexinatz, and only succeeded in burning some Christian villages. General Tchernayeff sends frequent dispatches, urging Prince Milan to continue the war, but the Prince appears to be still undecided, as it is understood that only three of the Servian Ministers favor the continuance of the war.

THE British agent reports on the Turkish cruelties in Bulgaria, that he is told that children are, in certain numbers, taken to the houses of their captors, but he does not believe that "anything like open sale" of them took place. He admits that the province is ruined, as the Turkish government will discover to its cost when it comes to tax. He advises the return of live stock to the villagers, besides the gift of materials for rebuilding their houses and seed for their fields.

FORWARD

BY THOMAS ROBERTS.

Forward! to the ranks of life:
On to the fields of fame!
Forward! amid the battle's strife
To gain a glorious name!

Forward! to some good on earth
To benefit mankind!
Forward! to do some deed of worth
And leave a name behind!

Forward! to do what's ere is right,
To fight for a noble cause,
To crush oppression and the wrong
And strike for better laws!

Forward! to raise a fallen friend,
Or watch the bed of pain;
Forward! in life to the noble end
As long as hopes remain.

Then, forward, whatever lot we're cast,
Whate'er thy fate may be
Forward in life for truth's dear sake
For Truth and Liberty!

ADAM AND I.

BY MISS QUOIN.

We had lived together many a year in mutual satisfaction, Adam and I. Adam had always considered me pretty good-looking—at least he said so, and possessed good qualities generally, when our friends called in "to take a cup of tea and spend an evening—a social disease at its height when our best plates were ripe.

Adam walked in the "even tenor of his way" and no ripple had, as yet, disturbed our matrimonial sea, when Rebecca Silver burst upon us for a visit. She came from up the country and being a distant relation of mine, on my mother's side, had lots of news. Adam seemed as much interested as I was; besides, Rebecca had made a "hop" as she called it and used to speak sometimes; she said "the spirit moved her."

She had all the new ideas and a world of information, which brought little wearing apparel, but stacks of newspapers and pamphlets.

We sat upon the large old-fashioned porch, Adam and I. Before us, and on every side, spread out vast fields, the fruit of our labor, for Adam was an industrious man, and I was his helpmate, and there was no "mine" and "thine" among our possessions. Our corn was waving in the fresh breeze that had just sprung up, our cattle were browsing on the hillside near, and the few sheep and lambs we owned were quietly resting beside the clear stream that flowed at its foot. Altogether a picture to refresh the eye. Adam and I had sat gazed upon it with infinite delight. 'Twas near the close of a sultry day in August. Rebecca's visit was drawing to a close, and I was not sorry. She was having a bad effect upon Adam. She had gone on one of her "tours" and we were alone that day.

I was just putting up my darning and Adam his paper, he had made a remark, (Adam was a thinking man) and was holding up his spectacles in his hand. I did not like the paper he was reading nor the remark he made, but Adam thought the least he could do, as our friends had sent us the paper, was to read every word, whether he understood it or not, and I as a dutiful wife, felt bound to listen to it, though the subject goaded me. Said Adam, giving me my name, which, not being euphonious, I omit, said he, removing his spectacles:

"Do you understand *that?*"

"Of course, I do," and giving him a searching look—I just remembered having heard Rebecca explain that same thing the day before—I added, "it's as clear as mud."

"Well," said Adam, much relieved, "when you understand you need such things."

"Please explain it, then. I suppose you can."

"Nothing plainer—quite plain—"

"Yes, exactly," said I, interrupting him, his eyes wandering off to the cows.

"That's the meaning of it, my dear."—Adam sometimes addressed me in that way—"there is the prevention of cruelty to animals, and the improvement of mankind in general and all that, and—"

"Why, Adam, there is not one word of that in it," said I.

But on he went, never heeding, absorbed in the greatness of his thoughts. "There is the breaking up of families and building up on a new basis and—"

"Get along with your new basis; better stick to the old one." I felt myself getting out of patience, for I had heard Rebecca Silver say that same thing yesterday and the thought seized me that Adam wanted a "new basis."

"The destruction of the family and of all the ties that bind them together, debasing in human nature and ruinous to the children, for my part—" I added with emphasis, overcome by my suspicions, "I want to hear nothing about such doctrines, and I think people who espouse them had better be watched."

The return of Rebecca Silver terminated our conversation, and I began preparing supper. Rebecca was never the one to lend a hand.

Adam agreed with Rebecca exactly, when I was not present. She had a way of repeating her stories for the second and third time, and Adam, to his credit be it said, her attention to it always, but I just said plainly, "Rebecca you told that before."

Rebecca wanted to see the old ruins, and Adam geared up his horses. When he asked me to go along, I said:

"We have ruin enough at home, Adam."

I never shall forget his innocent expression in reply: it went to my heart. "Why, what has happened?"

I did not quite like the way things were going on. It flashed across my mind that Adam had behaved strangely of late, and that we were not as happy as we used to be, and all owing to Rebecca Silver. They had so many arguments together, and she being a strong-minded woman, always brought Adam around to her way of thinking. —Adam was weak that way.

A woman of advanced social views, had been lecturing in our town, and Adam had attended a meeting with her. A good many of the men were missing. Elder Jones himself was near being converted, but then he thought better of it, considering his age and ugliness. I never thought much of Elder Jones, anyhow.

Adam generally agreed with me in the old time, and if he sometimes crossed to the other side, his heart was right. Our home had been happy, with the usual calling for and every thing in its place. The neighbors said it would take a yoke of oxen to draw Adam from the old porch, for he loved to sit down and grow old.

I used to revere Adam. I never thought he'd have fallen from grace. "He had always protected me—he said women needed it; when he was dressed he stood almost six feet, while I, he said, "was a good height for a woman." Elder Jones' wife said I had a man to be proud of. He never cast the blame of what he did himself on me. No! I always said if my Adam had lived in the Garden of Eden he'd have acted like a man and declared that he ate the apple of his own free will.

I always was ashamed of that other Adam. If Rebecca Silver had staid at home with all her new fangled notions we might be happy yet.

It was on a Saturday morning that Rebecca left us. She had much to say about her visit being pleasant and the papers she should send us. I let her go, none the wiser about the misery she had brought me.

"Write, Rebecca, and let us know how you are getting along," said Adam as the driver gathered up his reins.

We watched the old stage till it was turning the brow of the hill. Then Rebecca shook her pocket handkerchief in a window.

I spent the day putting things to rights. Adam gathered up the newspapers in a pile. I left him pretty much to himself that day. I thought his conscience might be troubling him. I always recommend reflection.

Rummaging round, I found in Rebecca's room (alas! for human vanity at the age of forty) a small pot of rouge. I—a rag full of red paint and powder! And now the secret is out. I knew very well Rebecca had no color when she was a girl. The hypocrite! Impressed with the idea that this was the source of all our unhappiness—*this one!* It contained the roses that been so trying to Adam's virtue and my peace of mind. I longed to shake the deception in Rebecca's face, and expose her perfidy. I despised her.

Adam had more than once said—Rebecca had a fine color, and he wished I looked a little more natural. I struggled hard to remember that Rebecca was a guest, but indulge them?" I asked myself, as with my best dress and new parasol I joined Adam on the walk.

As I met his approving glance, my conscience smote me, for I was not in the habit of deceiving Adam. I was more than once on the point of confessing my base suspicions; but I had no object, and the object said "go on!"

Adam wore his new suit. The people looked at me in church. I felt that I looked better than common. I was walking home. Adam seemed struck with my appearance. He looked at me several times, and said, with emotion:

"How handsome, my dear." I felt his eyes upon me as he spoke, but I gazed upon some old buildings. "Why you look as fresh as—" I thought he was going to say "as Rebecca, but may be it was an accident, he only added, "as a rose. You are very young. You are the prettiest woman of your age I ever saw, and I love you more than ever to-day." But his countenance was puzzled—so was mine. Rebecca was ten years younger.

I paid no attention to his words, though they were precious. I only said, firmly:

"I've had a good deal of uneasiness of late."

"What about?" looking thoughtful.

"Adam," said I, with more firmness, "I thought you were getting tired of Silver too much for virtue"—I never minded the glance of horror he cast on me, but went on —"as you liked the lecturers going the rounds—very long the hours."

"Quite as bad for the women," said Adam, as soon as I paused. He was looking at me. "But never fear for me, wife. You are nearer to me to-day than ever; my heart warms toward you as of old; but somehow you look—changed."

"Look at those old buildings, Adam," said I, "going to decay. Behold what a little paint and whitewash does—how it freshens things up!"

"Yes, I see it all; but you haven't, have you?"

"No! I haven't." I guessed at it. Adam brought his shaving glass and held it before me, and, to be sure, I was a show.

I knew the truth must come, at times so humiliating, but I could not speak, for his eye was upon me.

"You haven't have you?" and his deep-toned voice faltered.

"Oh! there! that's been the cause of the anguish, Rebecca."

Then and there we had an explanation. Harmony is restored. Adam and I have been to see the ruins, and are now on the porch. All nature is bathed in a soft yellow light, and, as it falls on Adam, he looks greater than ever, and reminds me that we are approaching "old age and yellow leaf," and ought to be wiser. Rebecca still makes "tours" and writes to us sometimes, but we never ask her to come and see us.

HOW I WAS MESMERISED INTO MATRIMONY.

BY J. P. H.

I was once a devout believer in mesmerism —that was in my "salad days, when I was green in judgment"—but my faith in the matter has been severely shaken by some incidents of a tender nature which happened to me personally.

And these I am about to relate as well as my trembling hand will allow. I never was much given to any particular fondness for the marvellous, having been brought up in a family which had neither time nor inclination for speculative soarings. Still I had some particles of thought out of the common order of events, and at twenty-five I might have become a professor of somnovault art, had not the kindness of my destiny ordered that the so-called clever lectures of a certain cast, flavored by the jugglories of sorcery, had cast a glamor over my limited intelligence and I was as wise-looking a fool as ever "sported" a pair of spectacles to peer into the depths of the commonplace. When I was a child, when I was saved from becoming either an idiot or a rogue by the sweet delirium of a love fever, which I caught in my sixteenth summer, as I have said, I was twenty-five, and ran candidly affirm heart-whole as regarded the fair sex. My employment lay in the city, and I lived with my widowed mother in a little cottage, one of a pretty row in a quiet street in a Philadelphia suburb. To get to the main road, I had every morning to pass along the row, which I did for several weeks without anything worthy of chronicling occurring, when one bright spring day I met my fate in the person of a very pretty girl watering flowers in the little garden plot in front of No. 69½.

I took in the whole of her appearance in one devouring glance. Of the middle height, lithe, and well-rounded in figure, draped in quiet morning costume, with abundance of dark brown hair, and a ravishing pair of ankles, her stooping position revealing them distinctly.

I mentally thought her the fairest flower in the row, and that row. But where she turned to bestow on me a passing glance, I was fairly bewitched by the beauty of her face and eyes. The former belonged to the highest type of blonde, and the latter were as blue as the deepest of ultramarine in particular, the left, shone with extraordinary brilliancy. As I turned into the main road I took a fast look, and that eye was upon me.

My occupation in the city was and is sedentary, but all that day at business I felt the magic of that wonderful eye. It haunted me continually. How I got through my work at all was a wonder, but I did, and in the evening came home to reply to my fear mother only in monosyllables and retire early to bed, to dream that I was a sea Captain, steering my ship to the brightest star that ever shone in the heavens. The next and many succeeding days, all of which happened to be sunny and dry, the same thing happened. There was the fair spell in the garden plot, and her eye followed me into the bustling city and the ghostly office. I was rapidly becoming neglectful of my duties, to the peril of my prospects, which were good, when I was saved by a formal introduction to the cause of my delirium.

We met, and it was literally in a crowd, for it was at a subscription ball given in the large room of a neighboring hotel, got up by some of the inhabitants of the row for the benefit of somebody—it may have been some old crossing sweeper for aught I ever know or cared, so danced as I with the enchantress, but I have heard nearly the whole night of nothing. I noticed that many of the young men cast searching glances upon us. Some of them shrugged their shoulders, and I overheard such remarks as "a fine case," "Fine girl—but a great pity," "Wonder whether he'll find it out beforehand." But I attributed all this to envy, and went to bed that night to be haunted by those same eyes, one—especially which shone in my dreams like a star of the first magnitude.

The ball led to an intimacy between our families, and it was not long before I became engaged to the fair beautiful and accomplished Miss Julia Stokes, only daughter of a widow, who had a small but comfortable independency. Our courtship, I presume, was much the same as that of all other lovers. On my side I know it was very ardent, and in a few months the day, the happy day, was named.

My mother saw no objection, but candidly hinted that the dazzling lustre of one of Julia's eyes caused her some perplexity.

My mother-in-law that was to be said something to me—

"You take my daughter with all her imperfections, and my fervent prayer is that you will never regret the step. I ought to inform you that she is my idol, my only love. You must understand that in extreme youth my child met with—"

Julia, who was present, hastily interposed and led me into the back garden, whither I willingly accompanied her, for I had and have a horror of family explanations.

While sauntering among the flowers, looking and talking the soft nonsense so dear to youthful lovers, Julia abruptly turned to me, and fixing her dear orbs, one especially, firmly on my beaming countenance, said in a tone which thrilled me to the very centre of my heart—

"Algernon, if anything was to happen to me—if you discovered I was not as good as I appear to be, would you—could you—could you—love me then as now?"

Need I say what my answer was. She kissed me for it, and on the spot I presented on her cheek the happy glow.

In due time we were married, and dutifully passed away a month together at the seaside. We then settled down in a cosy cottage in a town suburb. We had been at home for a week or two, quietly trying to settle down, when one day I thought to surprise my Julia with a new dress, or rather the silk for one. The day was a hot summer one, so with the parcel under my arm, instead of entering my domicile by the front door, I went round to the back, and looked into a sitting-room which was a favorite with Julia.

There she was, reclining on the sofa asleep, her fine figure displayed to much advantage for the gaze of an enraptured husband. I stole into the apartment, intending to place the parcel on a table and retire—but the sight that met my view chained me to the spot. One of Julia's eyes was shut, the other wide open, and fixed with the full moon of the first water. It fixed itself on me, and caused a thrill to pass down me that made my boots, as if I had received a galvanic shock.

All kinds of surmises raced through my troubled brain, and in my horror I would have cried out, but my tongue clove dryly to the roof of my mouth. Julia was not mesmerism a science and a truth, and that I married one who had the power to lead me about by her sweet, strong will like a lapdog at the end of a string, or was my Julia afflicted with paralysis of the optic nerve? Was she human, or only a bewitching, beautiful female Polyphemus?

Some doubt of the vampire in her composition? Could there—could this be—

Great beads of perspiration gathered on my agonized brow, and the parcel dropped to the floor with a dull thud, which caused Julia to start up and utter a little shriek, which sent me plump into a chair.

"What is the matter, Algernon?" she asked.

"The heat—I have been walking fast!" I gasped.

And for the next ten minutes I was subjected to a process of salt rheum, mint julips, and vinegar to my temples. How I got over that evening I don't remember; but I do recollect that I felt decidedly shaken, and was in a nervous state for several days afterwards. Loving Julia dearly, and afraid of hurting her feelings, I made no remarks, nor asked for any explanation. She was, however, growing upon me a mystery. I found that there was some mystery connected with my wife, which only time could unravel.

I took to the study of biology in all its branches, and of the so-called science of mesmerism with avidity, but, as may be recollected, in secret, and to little purpose, for I was neither a Darwin nor a Huxley. Two months passed, for I was disgusted, but not exhibited the peculiarity again, and I was about to lose my studies and perplexity to the winds of forgetfulness, when an event occurred which quite upset both my judgment and my bodily health.

It was a lovely autumn morning, and I stood looking down upon my Eve like one who was utterly distraught. That Eve, that terribly beautiful type of facts, was shining brighter than the morning star. The other was closed, the long lashes casting a faint shadow on her alabaster cheek. She would have presented a pretty picture as she lay with her rosy lips slightly parted; but that eye spoiled it, and I, in a kind of frozen, mechanical silence, roused myself and left the chamber.

To walk in a small garden before breakfast and meditate may be healthful; but to be pursued into every angle by an eye be abundantly evil. Having you love the best in the world is to say the least about such a thing bewildering. I was bewildered, bewitched, unconscious, and when I came indoors and sat down to breakfast, I could only stare at my Julia in a stupid way.

"What is the matter with you?" she asked, several times, and I could only return for answer something between an hysterical giggle and a groan.

I went to business and blundered as never did clerk before. On my way home I stopped at a second-hand bookshop, and purchased a twenty cyclopædia, which contained articles on "The Evil Eye," "Vampires," "Paralysis of the Optic Nerve," &c.

The article on the evil eye riveted my attention during the whole of the remainder of the day, and when I retired to bed, dizziness, deafness, and suppedrus, it was not to sleep, but to lie with my face to the fiend, and behold eyes glaring at me from every corner of the room, which threw me into a high fever, in which I lay for weeks.

One day as I lay exhausted, the fever almost gone, I overheard a little conversation, which tended very much to accelerate my recovery.

"The deception was cruel."

That was my mother's voice.

"It was not my fault."

That was my mother-in-law.

"It was mine, wholly mine. I was afraid of losing him, and I loved him. Oh, I loved him so dearly."

That was my Julia.

It must end, and at once, or I will not answer for the consequences."

That was a man, and, slightly turning, I recognized in the speaker a medical gentleman whom I had known for years.

"What to end?" was my mother-in-law's question.

"I will," exclaimed my Julia. "Mine was the wrong-doing, and mine is the duty to make all things right. I am no more, even if I am divorced."

And at this latter supposition the poor girl sobbed outright. I pon hearing which I uttered some loud exclamation, the next instant fell something giggling in my throat, which speedily sent me fast asleep. When I awoke, memory, of course, stirred actively within me. But he said no, as the other lived on a little island, and was a true moral gentleman at all. Upon this Master Ceylon determined that, as her father said so, he would take her as a wife without leave, and off he started, seized the young lady, put her on his shoulders, and carried her across to Ceylon. But when the papa found that his daughter was gone, he got into a tremendous rage, and determined to go and punish the Ceylonese. So off he hurried, until he came to the straits which separated the island from the mainland. But when he tried to cross over, he found that he was not quite as tall as the Ceylonese gentleman, by a few hundred yards, and that the water was too deep for him. So he stood still, and scratched his head, and was quite perplexed and thought and pondered what he should do to get across and punish the thief. At last an idea struck him, and he trotted back all up the country until he came to the Himalaya Mountains, and snatched up two of the largest of them, one in each hand, threw them into the straits, and thus made it shallow enough for him to pass over. But as he went along some of the rocks and earth slipped through his fingers, for you may suppose his hands were rather full; and the chains of hills which extend from Balasore for nearly three hundred miles are the pieces which he dropped as he went along. This tale does not inform us whether the giant's daughter was restored to him.

GAIETY.

There are two kinds of gaiety: the one arises from *want* of heart; being touched by no pity, sympathizing with no pain even of its own causing, it shines and glitters like a frost-bound river in the cold light of day. The other springs from excess of heart; that is, from a heart overflowing with kindness towards all and all things, and, suffering under no superadded grief, it is light from the happiness which it sees. This may be compared to the same river, sparkling and smiling under the sun of summer; and from it, too, may be given fertility and increase to all within, and even to many beyond, its reach.

LITERARY AND DRAMATIC.

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A gold pen in a little thing,
But in thy poet hand
It can take life—it can take wing—
Become a magic wand.
More powerful, more wonderful
Than alchemy of old
It can make minds all beautiful—
Change all things into gold.

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Dining Rooms at 52 and 54 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

MY FIRST CLIENT.

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

NOTE. By an oversight the conclusion of this sketch was omitted in the Second Page:

have given birth to, I cannot say; for I was saved from the ordeal by hearing a burst, or rather a succession of bursts, of frantic laughter from the room to which Armitage had retired. I pushed the door, which yielded to my touch. My worst fears were realized: HE KNEW ALL. He was lying upon the bed, his feet considerably above his head, cramming a pocket-handkerchief into his mouth, and every now and then breaking out afresh into a peal of maniac laughter.

"Well, Browne, old boy, I hope you've given the new client a good, sound legal opinion. Or, dear, my poor sides!" Where shall we have dinner, eh, old man?"

"Come, Frank," I said, addressing him more in sorrow than in anger, "don't add insult to injury. You've had the door ajar, you scoundrel; so I needn't tell you any particulars. But at any rate promise me to keep the secret."

"That I'll be hanged if I do, old boy; the joke is a great deal too good to keep to myself. How about *Chitty* on *Contracts* and *Mr. Serjeant and Wilshy?* Or, you old impostor!" I'll be hanged if I don't tell the story to every fellow I meet."

So, for fear that the facts should be misrepresented—I hate misrepresentation—I determined to tell it myself.

INDIAN LEGEND.

Many years ago there lived a giant in Ceylon, and this giant fell in love with the daughter of another giant at Lucknow, in India; so she asked her father to let him marry her. But he said no, as the other lived on a little island, and he was no real gentleman at all. Upon this Master Ceylon determined that, as her father said so, he would take her as a wife without leave, and off he started, seized the young lady, put her on his shoulders, and carried her across to Ceylon. But when the papa found that his daughter was gone, he got into a tremendous rage, and determined to go and punish the Ceylonese. So off he hurried, until he came to the straits which separated the island from the mainland. But when he tried to cross over, he found that he was not quite as tall as the Ceylonese gentleman, by a few hundred yards, and that the water was too deep for him. So he stood still, and scratched his head, and was quite perplexed and thought and pondered what he should do to get across and punish the thief. At last an idea struck him, and he trotted back all up the country until he came to the Himalaya Mountains, and snatched up two of the largest of them, one in each hand, threw them into the straits, and thus made it shallow enough for him to pass over. But as he went along some of the rocks and earth slipped through his fingers, for you may suppose his hands were rather full; and the chains of hills which extend from Balasore for nearly three hundred miles are the pieces which he dropped as he went along. This tale does not inform us whether the giant's daughter was restored to him.

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A HAPPY MOOD

BY E. C. DEMIS

All that we learn in life is ours.
Reunion of poetry, forms of art
Methods of science, all the powers
Of knowledge blend with heart and heart.
Each carries in a single soul
A reflex of the world's whole;
All that is, and ever race have known,
More than our transient shape, we own;
The past of us antiquates life, and time
For ever within our own continues.
The hero that trembles near and far
The flower of the field and fruitfest star;

All of the sun that spirit and eye
Have seen and proceed to the dimmest shore
Visible to fidelity,
Belongs to us for evermore.
Up and away we'll boast hereby,
In our sunny station, for boundless sea
By wonds and shores, thus late of bones
Longest and noblest measure poems
And, as we hover round the bay,
Airy throngs of equivalent songs,
Fragrant as roses, light as fawns.

JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.

By Miss M. E. BRADDON,
Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

[This story was commenced in No. 11. Vol. XI. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XXXI.

"THE WINDS WERE STILL."

No life could have been more self-contained than Naomi's in this fair summer time. She claimed sympathy from no one, but bore the anguish of her widowed heart in a resolute silence which her friends mistook for calmness. Her face grew thin and shrank, with a feeling that was more touchy akin to exertion than she would have liked to confess to herself. Womanly instinct had fathomed the mystery of her husband's death. She had looked back, and remembered, and weighed looks and tones of his, which had but faintly impressed her at the time, but which now, considered in the light of his subsequent conduct, had fullest significance. His heart had gone astray, and it was to Cynthia, her father's wife, that tenant heart had wandered—not with deliberate wickedness; she could not believe him deliberately wicked. The tempter had set his snare for him, and he had weakly yielded. Cynthia's childish beauty, Cynthia's innocently simple ways, had allured him from the straight path of righteous dealing. He had straggled, poor sinner, fought and striven with the Evil One, and, finding the powers of darkness too strong for him, had turned and fled. It was wisest, it was best so.

Naomi loved him with so fondly indulgent an affection—a passion so unselfish, that she could find it in her heart to forgive him for having fallen away from her. She could pardon and pity him, though he had taken the light and glory out of her life, and left her world empty as an enchanted crater. But she could not so easily pardon the consequence of such knowledge! Had he any purpose in returning secretly to hiding himself from his little world? Naomi was perplexed and troubled by these unanswerable questions.

It was late when she entered the little parlour at home. Prayers were over, and the family were seated round the tea-table, formal array round the temperately furnished board. The huge junk of single Gloucester, about the size and shape of one of those granite slabs which mark the path of the adventurous hermit who tempts the perils of the Leggan Rock, stood up in the centre of the table like a family idol, round which the family had assembled for evening worship. The brown loaf, the cold ham, and the milk in a three-cornered hat—occupied its accustomed corner. Everything was precisely as Naomi remembered it to her earliest childhood. The quiet monotonous life had never been disturbed by new crockery, or a change of form and color in the vulgar details of existence. The Dutch wonderfully more simple than this Methodist household.

And now that the mainspring of life was broken, this sordid sameness seemed odious, nay, almost unbearable. Naomi looked at familiar things with a shudder, as at hideous. Affection gave it no beauty in her eyes to night. A fair enough picture of domestic peace from the outside if there had been such an one in the street to contemplate the candle-lit circle through the window: some vagabond, perchance homeless, and dreaming that there must be bliss in a home. Yet, save Joshua Jim, who sat munching his bread and cheese with a countenance of equable discontent, there was no member of that family circle whose bosom was not racked by anguish or passion.

Hall past nine. "Naomi!" exclaimed Joshua, looking up reproachfully, as his daughter came into the room. "The first time I've read prayers without you since I can remember—and I'm sorry you've been ill. What has kept you so long?"

"I've been frightened," answered Naomi, looking not at her father, but at Cynthia. "I was in Redwath Park, and I thought I saw a ghost."

"A ghost, Naomi? I thought you were too good a Christian to believe in such folly."

"Saul saw a ghost," interjected Jim, with his mouth full of it, "and you wouldn't say that was folly."

Saul lived in days when God taught His children to prophesy.

"And if Providence chose to send a ghost to Cumberdixon, who's to hinder it?" cried Jim, with unconscious irreverence. "I'm sure ghosts are as much in people's way as they're strength. I dare say the Cock Lane ghost would have done a deal of good if a pack of busybodies hadn't made her out an impostor. And there are the ghosts that worried the Wesley family. You can't fly in their faces."

"Sit down to your supper, Naomi," said Joshua, rebuking Jim's flippancy by a grave shrug and a look. "You must not be wandering about so late of nights. It is not respectable."

Naomi sighed and made no answer. Those weary ghosts in Dante's nether world wandering in their circles of despair might have felt very much as she did, had any agonies charged them with levity or unseemly conduct. She looked at her father with eyes full of wondering reproachfulness, as if she would have said, "Can you, who know my burden, upbraid me?"

"What about the ghost?" asked Aunt Judith, sweeping her crumbs into a neat little heap with the back of her knife. "Don't tell me it was Mr. Trimmer. Sally had the impudence to hint at his walking only last Sunday night—but I think I stopped her tongue."

Mr. Trimmer was a retired miller who had died of dropsy "upstairs," and who was supposed to be not quite comfortable in his mind about the division of the property, which he had left behind him, about which there had been some squabbling among his nephews and nieces. This disagreement of the miller's heirs had given rise to the report of ghostly visitations—of an erratic and unconservative character—on the part of the late proprietor of the snuff-and-cheese business.

Naomi caught at this hint at a moment's relief from shrewd Naomi that it would have been no easy thing to do. To avoid temptation from this would have been to run a mortal. And Oswald had made no confession of his weakness. Those subtle differences in his tones and looks may have been meaningless for Cynthia.

"No," thought Naomi, with a burst of very human passion, "she must have understood them; his words and looks must have been clear to her, for she loves him."

Pondering thus—as she had pondered on many an evening since her lover's desertion, travelling over and over again the same pathway of thought—Naomi came to the skirt of the wood, and from the wood into the park, where the trees stood far apart, and the smooth sward rose and fell in gentle undulations. She could see the house from this spot. Here lonely and lovely, had described a place for dwelling that might have been so bright!

"I was to have been a fine lady, with a drawing-room and a carriage and pair," Naomi said to herself, full of bitterness, "and coaches were to come rolling over that gravel drive, where the weeds grow so thickly. And there were to be lights in all those windows, and music sounding in the night—a life like fairy land. Poor Oswald! How he used to talk of our future! And he was true then—he meant all he said. He had designed my dress—white silk, with chapped hands—I wanted no lights or music. I wanted no grand visitors—no bliss other than this common world can give, while I had you." While I had you there was all happiness, had Providence made you the peasant of God's poor, and our home a hovel, and our days full of toil, if we had only spent them together—if you had only been true to me."

She stopped, with tears welling down her cheeks—tears that gushed forth unawares at the sweet sad thought of what life might have been. She looked wistfully at the house her wife with those true dimmed eyes—looking at the dull old house.

Not a gleam of light! Yes, the heavy hall door open—dark, and she saw the dim lamp within. A figure came out of the door, down porch, and walks at a leisurely pace along the broad gravel terrace at the side of the house.

Naomi gave a faint unconscious cry, as if she had seen a ghost—a cry so faint that it could not reach the ears of lonely solitary wanderer pacing the gravel path with head bent. She turned, and hurried back to the wood, and was soon lost in the darkness of that green mystery of oak and beech; and there, secure from observation, walked slowly home, meditating upon what she had seen.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"A STORM WAS COMING."

He had come back—he who had cast his path of life was to me to other hands. He, the self-banished exile, the new Childe Harold. Why had he come? and was it for long? How was it that the village had not been aware of his coming, and made his return matter for talk? Was it in consequence of such knowledge? Had he any purpose in returning secretly to hiding himself from his little world? Naomi was perplexed and troubled by these unanswerable questions.

It was late when she entered the little parlour at home. Prayers were over, and the family were seated round the tea-table, formal array round the temperately furnished board. The huge junk of single Gloucester, about the size and shape of one of those granite slabs which mark the path of the adventurous hermit who tempts the perils of the Leggan Rock, stood up in the centre of the table like a family idol, round which the family had assembled for evening worship. The brown loaf, the cold ham, and the milk in a three-cornered hat—occupied its accustomed corner. Everything was precisely as Naomi remembered it to her earliest childhood. The quiet monotonous life had never been disturbed by new crockery, or a change of form and color in the vulgar details of existence. The Dutch wonderfully more simple than this Methodist household.

And now that the mainspring of life was broken, this sordid sameness seemed odious, nay, almost unbearable. Naomi looked at familiar things with a shudder, as at hideous. Affection gave it no beauty in her eyes to night. A fair enough picture of domestic peace from the outside if there had been such an one in the street to contemplate the candle-lit circle through the window: some vagabond, perchance homeless, and dreaming that there must be bliss in a home. Yet, save Joshua Jim, who sat munching his bread and cheese with a countenance of equable discontent, there was no member of that family circle whose bosom was not racked by anguish or passion.

Hall past nine. "Naomi!" exclaimed Joshua, looking up reproachfully, as his daughter came into the room. "The first time I've read prayers without you since I can remember—and I'm sorry you've been ill. What has kept you so long?"

"I've been frightened," answered Naomi, looking not at her father, but at Cynthia. "I was in Redwath Park, and I thought I saw a ghost."

"A ghost, Naomi? I thought you were too good a Christian to believe in such folly."

"Saul saw a ghost," interjected Jim, with his mouth full of it, "and you wouldn't say that was folly."

Saul lived in days when God taught His children to prophesy.

"And if Providence chose to send a ghost to Cumberdixon, who's to hinder it?" cried Jim, with unconscious irreverence. "I'm sure ghosts are as much in people's way as they're strength. I dare say the Cock Lane ghost would have done a deal of good if a pack of busybodies hadn't made her out an impostor. And there are the ghosts that worried the Wesley family. You can't fly in their faces."

"Sit down to your supper, Naomi," said Joshua, rebuking Jim's flippancy by a grave shrug and a look. "You must not be wandering about so late of nights. It is not respectable."

Naomi sighed and made no answer. Those weary ghosts in Dante's nether world wandering in their circles of despair might have felt very much as she did, had any agonies charged them with levity or unseemly conduct. She looked at her father with eyes full of wondering reproachfulness, as if she would have said, "Can you, who know my burden, upbraid me?"

"What about the ghost?" asked Aunt Judith, sweeping her crumbs into a neat little heap with the back of her knife. "Don't tell me it was Mr. Trimmer. Sally had the impudence to hint at his walking only last Sunday night—but I think I stopped her tongue."

Mr. Trimmer was a retired miller who had died of dropsy "upstairs," and who was supposed to be not quite comfortable in his mind about the division of the property which he had left behind him, about which there had been some squabbling among his nephews and nieces. This disagreement of the miller's heirs had given rise to the report of ghostly visitations—of an erratic and unconservative character—on the part of the late proprietor of the snuff-and-cheese business.

"Saul saw a ghost," Naomi said, in a low voice, that she had spoken over the tones which Naomi that it would have been no easy thing to do. To avoid temptation from this would have been to run a mortal. And Oswald had made no confession of his weakness. Those subtle differences in his tones and looks may have been meaningless for Cynthia.

"No," thought Naomi, with a burst of very human passion, "she must have understood them; his words and looks must have been clear to her, for she loves him."

Pondering thus—as she had pondered on many an evening since her lover's desertion, travelling over and over again the same pathway of thought—Naomi came to the skirt of the wood, and from the wood into the park, where the trees stood far apart, and the smooth sward rose and fell in gentle undulations. She could see the house from this spot. Here lonely and lovely, had described a place for dwelling that might have been so bright!

"I was to have been a fine lady, with a drawing-room and a carriage and pair," Naomi said to herself, full of bitterness, "and coaches were to come rolling over that gravel drive, where the weeds grow so thickly. And there were to be lights in all those windows, and music sounding in the night—a life like fairy land. Poor Oswald! How he used to talk of our future! And he was true then—he meant all he said. He had designed my dress—white silk, with chapped hands—I wanted no lights or music. I wanted no grand visitors—no bliss other than this common world can give, while I had you." While I had you there was all happiness, had Providence made you the peasant of God's poor, and our home a hovel, and our days full of toil, if we had only spent them together—if you had only been true to me."

She stopped, with tears welling down her cheeks—tears that gushed forth unawares at the sweet sad thought of what life might have been. She looked wistfully at the house her wife with those true dimmed eyes—looking at the dull old house.

Not a gleam of light! Yes, the heavy hall door open—dark, and she saw the dim lamp within. A figure came out of the door, down porch, and walks at a leisurely pace along the broad gravel terrace at the side of the house.

Naomi gave a faint unconscious cry, as if she had seen a ghost—a cry so faint that it could not reach the ears of lonely solitary wanderer pacing the gravel path with head bent. She turned, and hurried back to the wood, and was soon lost in the darkness of that green mystery of oak and beech; and there, secure from observation, walked slowly home, meditating upon what she had seen.

CHAPTER XXXII

"A STORM WAS COMING."

He had come back—he who had cast his path of life was to me to other hands. He, the self-banished exile, the new Childe Harold. Why had he come? and was it for long? How was it that the village had not been aware of his coming, and made his return matter for talk? Was it in consequence of such knowledge? Had he any purpose in returning secretly to hiding himself from his little world? Naomi was perplexed and troubled by these unanswerable questions.

All through the feverish wakeful night the same doubt had agitated Naomi's mind. Might not her lover have repented and returned to her? Might not a thing was God possible. He had loved her dearly once; surely that old love could not die. He had often told her that love was deathless. Fancy had gone astray, perhaps, and love had been true. Might not Maurice have returning prodigal, could do but be sure of his repentance—that he had found out that he could not make him happy? How agonised but despair took the other side. He had come back in secret, to some evil purpose. He had come back to see Cynthia.

That day would show whether he meant well or ill. It well he would not fear to show himself at Mr. Haggard's house. If wrong-doer, and make peace with his betrothed. Oh, if the days of waiting, between morning prayer and morning—hours in which the simple household tasks were performed while the girls heart was given to the contemplation of hope and fear—could be gone true and good, despite of all that had gone before!

Noon came and dinner and afternoon, and Naomi did not appear. She had her own lunch. She went about the house feebly, as if she was too restless to sit long at her work. It happened to be a fine afternoon for the draper's partner, and Aunt Judith was quite well employed behind the counter to observe her nieces idle moping to and fro in the dusty garden under the shade of the small bitterness of mortified body's bothers neglected in the great bitterness of Naomi's despair.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

Golden sunbeams danced through the trees, throwing flickering shadows on the smooth green sward. The west wind breathed gently its cooling breath, and the happy birds twittered their evening lay. The lithe sound of music and the hum of gay young voices floated out of the open window of Eton Villa.

A slight, girlish form parted thes weeping willows, and glided into the broad avenue. A happy smile lighted up her fair face. She leaned against the vine-wreathed balustrades in pensive attitude, and heard nothing but the sighing of the wind in the vine. With a far-off look in her eyes, she weaved in fancy's loom, golden dreams of the future.

The light of manly mould, with earnest black eyes, graced by heavy curling whiskers and neatly trimmed moustache, glanced out at the graceful little figure, and, with a loving look on his handsome countenance, joined her.

"How now, dear Maud," he exclaimed, "are you wearied with the gay chattering of the lively group within?"

"No, Guy—but I like to steal away and indulge in my own thoughts sometimes."

"Castle-building, eh? I hope you give me a prominent position in your airy dwelling," he said, smiling.

She gave a happy little laugh.

"Never fear, sir, but what you will get all you deserve."

"And more, dear," he answered. "I fancy you're for me this dear hand."

"Maud! Maud! where are you?" shouted a ringing, merry voice. "Oh, there you are, and sneaking on the fitness of things. Come in here, beside you. Come in here, both of you, if you can condescend to the realities of this mundane sphere, and give us the benefit of your sage counsel."

And the laughing, pippard face of Maggie Eaton, Maud's younger sister, disappeared behind the curtains.

Passing into the room, Maud and her companion, Guy Halifax, were saluted with a host of queries and exclamations.

"Oh, I'm consulted in such a serious," said timid May Lee, in a pleading voice.

"Oh, yes, the Maud—Guy will, I know. It will be go—just to hear speeches at midnight—framed in the spirited voice of Maggie."

"Oh, Maggie, how can you jest so?" said Fanny Gamble. "If you found yourself in the presence of a real ghost, you would run from it, instead of after it."

"What is it all about?" asked Guy Halifax, gaining to accoutrement at the excited group before him.

"Why, just this," answered Robert Norman, constituting himself spokesman for the party. "we were discussing ghosts and kindred subjects, when that madcap Maggie, exciting an absorbing glance at her sister, have unchanged for him benefit the story of the Leslie-haunted house, and concluded with the audacious proposal that the entire party should spend the night there, and engage in the exciting pastime of chasing spirits."

Guy laughed, and said, "Well, in my opinion, the would have a long watch and no game."

"That's my opinion, too," said Robert; but some of the ladies are frightened at the idea, and discuss all desire to try the experiment."

"Shame on them," said Maggie, for showing the white feather. But I'm determined to go, if I go alone."

"Oh, dreadful—shocking!" chanted a half-dozen voices.

"Why, then you say, Maud?" asked Maggie, nothing daunted. "You're not afraid. I know for you always were a brave girl."

"No, indeed. I am no believer in ghosts of haunted houses, and yet I think it a foolish fun on the nerves to visit such ghostly places. I should dream all night."

"Nonsense, Pshaw!" I haven't any such frightful-some things about me, and if you are all such cowards who, if I go alone?"

"I will accompany you," said Robert Norman, who was fast accepted hero, "and see that the ghosts do not spirit you away."

How followed an animated discussion upon the propriety and safety of the scheme, but Maggie persisting in her determination, they all finally agreed to the proposed visit.

Mrs. Eaton, fitted some fields in advance to the proposed plan, but her husband and Uncle Jim coming to their aid from one side. There was no help for them.

So Mrs. Eaton made no further objections, but was thoughtful for the comfort of the guests, packed and stored away the untouched fruit, for they could not be persuaded to approach the house after dark, with fresh meats, blankets and materials for light and fire.

The Leslie mansion was not very far from Eaton Villa. The evening was very bright and cloudless, and the gay party started off about nine o'clock with laugh and jest to while away the tedious hours.

How, Guy, chanted Mr. Eaton as they dashed down the garden walk, "like this you will not find it dull. Maud, my child, you have adventure should get alarmed, some middling-sized mouse or tempt to impose upon the ladies credulities and nothing more serious to ensue. Now, pass in gallant each unpaired."

They walked blithely on, and soon stood before the deserted dwelling. It loomed up a dark, gloomy mass against the sky. The windows presented a dreary appearance through the dusky trees and marked there the ravages of time. Some shutters were off their hinges, and the boarding of a shattered door was partly open, revealing the dark interior. The light rose and fell, but did not penetrate the gloom.

They drew forward two, meet-each hastened that stood grimly against the mouldy walls, and entered them with the blankets which Mrs. Eaton's care had provided. A time elapsed, forbidding looking objects were discovered in the corners, and the ladies made the requisite fuss for the contents of two platters looking hampers.

What a motley affair, laughed jolly Mrs. Eaton, as the party sat in the midst of loose, with any quantity of ghosts expected to assist in the consumption of the good things.

"Oh, Maggie!" exclaimed Maud, "you're not sufficiently ghastly-looking!"

"Don't they, though?" returned the light-hearted Maggie. "But it is because they don't get the chance. Look out, all! I'm a lion to eat, and you'll see if he refuses."

"He!" laughed Robert mischievously. "You seem to imagine that all spirits are of the masculine gender."

"Oh, I'll leave all the females to you," said Maggie, with a sly twinkle of the eye. "You are wondrous fond of them, you know."

Only one," he whispered, stooping to eat a kind that defied her deft little fingers.

While the ladies were busy arranging everything in their commodious quarters, the gentlemen explored the rest of the house, but soon returned, saying that they had discovered nothing but dirt and cobwebs.

The gallant men seated the table and discussed the tempting viands. Song, gay repartee, and lively chat that passed the lagging hours.

Midnight. The very word brought with it a shuddering fear. The ladies ceased their flippant chat, and cast serious glances over their shoulders. Even the bolder masculine souls grew more quiet, and less boastful.

The moments flew on, and no ghost was seen, or heard. Weary eyes, in spite of fear, began to droop dull, and nod drowsily. Sudden visions, rattling of detached plaster, creaking of loose timbers, or the melancholy chirp of some bird disturbed in its slumber, would start the luckless forms, and open the sleepy eyes in luminous fear; but gradually nature overcame their sleepy watch fulness, and all except Guy were closely locked in the arms of sleepiness.

Guy glanced around him with a smile. The curly head of the intrepid Maggie rested on the shoulder of Robert Norman, where he had placed it, apprehensive of speedy dislocation of her neck for her pains. Indeed, so she wholly surrendered to her weariness. The other ladies were on the lounges in somewhat attitudes, while the gentlemen reclined on chairs.

Maud, sweet Maud! his gaze lingered lovingly on her dear face. She reclined in the countenance somewhat opposite him. One rounded cheek pressed the dear hand of Guy. Her dark tresses, picturesquely dishevelled, clustered in rippling confusion about her face; her white dimpled hands clasped implicitly in her lap. A sweet pattern made Guy thrill. Relieving his gaze from the rudely firelight stealing over, her Guy's heart throbbed with excess of love as he gazed.

But gradually the silence grew oppressive, almost insupportable. Extremely wearied, his eyelids heavy with sleep, yet anxious for breakings—fanned away his desire for rest. A sharp sense of coming evil had manifested him during the evening, and it now refused with severe to being force, and he determined not to yield to drowsiness, but watch and wait.

Time dragged heavily along. Guy, with his head resting wearily upon his hand, was dreamily meditating.

A slight noise aroused him from his reverie. Raising his eyes, he beheld, to his dismay, a phantom crowd glide in from the unopen door. He gazed with mingled awe and wonder, and a thrill of fear and a sense of helplessness swept over him. The outlines of the shapes were dim, and faded into nothingness; they seemed to sway and hover in the air. They were all skeletons, with grinning skulls and fleshless bones, pallid, and an intense unearthly light shone from their empty eye-sockets.

They took no notice of the unconscious sleepers, but moved upon them in waves towards Guy. He felt the baleful glance, and his blood chilled with horror. They pointed their bony fingers at him and gesticulated angrily, as if incensed at his presence.

Finally, one more hideous-looking than any of the rest, gibbed menacingly towards him, his fleshless bones clattering as he approached.

Palsied with horror, Guy remained motionless. Not until he felt its cold, deathly grip around his throat did he rouse from his lethargy. Shaking off the grinning horror with desperate effort, he seized a pistol before him, and discharged it at his grisly foe.

The sharp report rang echoing through the halls, and with one shriek the ghastly host disappeared in abject terror, and the men in wondering consternation.

Guy glanced bewildered about him. The ghastly crowd had fled—oh horror! Maud Eaton, his dear betrothed, lay weltering in her life's blood.

He had shot her in a hideous dream, and, paralyzed with horror and remorse, he sank insensible to the floor.

The fearful culmination of the awful tragedy before them burst upon the bewildered senses of the awe-stricken party. They were startled from their slumbers by the report, and, rushing forward, discovered the cause of the alarm and her unwilling murderer.

The red rays of the morning sun were tinting the east, and flushed the dull gray sky with rosy light. Out of the grim portals of the ill-fated house shudderingly passed the returning party. Two rough litters had been hastily constructed upon which reposed the lifeless body of the hapless Maud, and the still unconscious form of poor Guy. Maggie walked breathless silent, with a fixed expression in her eyes, and hopelessly mourning.

It is no sin! it is my sin!"

As they neared the house, Robert Norman hastened forward to break the dreadful news to the anxious inmates. At the sight of the still form of Maud, and the ghastly features of Guy, Mrs. Eaton sank helplessly to the floor.

They were carried by the weeping servants to their deserted beds. They carried Eaton's prostrate form to a bed-chamber, and sent for a physician to attend him. He applied restoratives to the poor heart-broken mother, and tenderly and pityingly prepared Maud for the grave.

It seemed a dream", so young, so full of hope." Oh! cruel fate, unable thus not only to have destroyed the life of the beautiful was—but to fall by the hand of the one she loved so well, see, one who would have given his own heart's blood to have saved her own fleeting pang of sorrow!

When Guy arose from his bed, a shattered, broken hearted man, the wintry snows were heaped high above Maud's dreamless bed. A new mound of earth marked his love's grave, and his face was wrinkled with bitter grief and gnawing remorse; a lone journey to the grave of his murdered betrothed, a weeping cry for forgiveness, and the unconscious victim of cruel fate was shrouded cold and lifeless on the damp sod.

MARRIED WOMEN AND OLD MAIDS

BY ONE OF THE LATTER.

Somebody says, If you want to know to what degree of pallor a tale of the affections may be carried, ask an old maid to tell you how to make love." I agree with the writer perfectly, with a difference. I say, ask a married woman to tell you love; for, of all disappointments, love is generally the greatest.

The old maid may adore the memory of one who lies beneath the turf—may watch perpetually for the return of some sailor who is dead and is still in some watery grave in the ocean; or she may have been jilted out and out, or loved one who cared little for her; but nothing does she know of the disappointment of a disappointed wife. She may have known a hundred others, out of them all not ten quite happy. They may live in palaces and wear purple and fine linens, and fare sumptuously every day, but disappointment is there. It is also very often in a cottage, while that of many an old maid is smooth and happy, or would be but for her envy of those who wear the wedding ring.

Now, I do not mean to say that never pines for a crown; but to be queen for awhile and then be humbled in the dust, crushes the very heart. Every lover makes his love a queen in courting her. Every one—and fool—who is good, her whims are law, her silliest speech wisdom. If she desires anything greatly, it must be hers; and he is always at her service to get it. Then, married, and in a year or two it is he himself who tears off the crown and dashes down the sceptre his own hand bestowed. He is tired of courtesy, tired of tenderness, tired of love and of respect. The husband is like the placenta like, from the lover's ashes, is the being from whom a woman almost always bears more convenience, more bitterness, more cruelty, more sins of omission and commission, than from any other earthly being.

You see a girl marry—she is rosy, bright of eye, fair of brow, golden haired, and dimpled, ten years after. You meet her; she is but colored and dull, her hair is grayish, her figure sharp; she has not good health; and yet her home is a palace, her servants legion, and her dress perfect. Want has not dimmed her beauty, nor great care. It is the death of love beside her heartsome that has so changed her. What does it care for her now, this man who was her life? Nothing. The love book is gone—the smile, the tender grasp of the hand, the wish to make her happy, the pride in her, the endearing confidence. He says little but things about her looks, about her manners, about her opinions, not knowing—for men are oblime in such things—that it is this that has altered them, that had he been her lover always, the sweet smile of her girlhood would have remained to bless him—the brightness of her eye, the rose upon her cheek, that sharing her home, his nature, and his fortune, this poor woman is more bitterly disappointed than any old maid of them all, how great soever her bitterness.

Those women often try to hide their words, but they peep out too plainly. They will say, "You know, I'm above a great deal, Mr. Smith is so busy, and you know what it means. They will say, "I don't go anywhere. Mr. Smith can't find time," and you feel sure that not time, but inclination, is needed; and you catch them in dingy dressing gowns, and slippers down at the heel, and know by these tokens that nobody cares at home how they look now.

Of course there are good husbands who are lovers all their lives, and you know their wives by their young, happy looks in a minute.

I remember one dear old lady who used, at seventy, to put on her cap with blue ribbons before her husband came to dinner, and never failed to receive a kiss on both cheeks when he came home. She was wife, with her forty-five years experience of matrimony, quite sure it. But, rather than be so wretchedly disappointed as most married women, I would be willing to remain a spinster all my life, and work and earn my living, spending my leisure in flowers, and reading, and writing sentimental verses in the young primer who never came over the mountains to marry me. I am sure I should be happier, and I am sure I should be happier to keep the remembrance of one whose brief life was all here—who passed away like a dream, with all his love for me fresh in his heart, than to have once sweet with smiles, now either frowning or indifferent; and to know that there remained of those young hopes was nothing but cold duty—privilege, not even it.

ALWAYS be at work for the attainment of an object. If the object itself is not important, the habit of mind is; when employed in worth nothing, he is followed for the pleasure of the following.

FARM AND GARDEN.

HOG CHOLERA.—As a precaution or cure for hog cholera, one gallon of tar, one pound of sulphur, one pound of saltpetre, two pounds of salt—one pound of black antimony, one pound of copperas, one pound of sal soda, one pound of resin, one pound of saltpetre. Pound these very fine, mix them well and put in the swill for a dose for a hog; but not more than once a week.

YOUR HORSES.—When you have as good a machine as a horse to keep him in a machine-like condition, he must be regularly and without exposure to the rain and wet when he is not in exercise. The difficulty is to get a good supply of water. Let him have of good size, pliable, true and tough, and well kept in order. Don't let him be dazzled by something, and should he injure one or be a half dozen years out off from their time in order to keep him from nothing or seriously and refreshing a part.

HOW TO SEASON GRAIN.—The most perfect way to season grain is to

1. Keep some caustic soda by dissolving some caustic common a strong pickle.
2. Sprinkle a little of this over the grain as it passes to the corner.
3. Avoid all mixed bins or stack.

If unprocessed machines are apt to build up, and the grain will not be fit for use for a few years. This is unnecessary and unsightly, and the bugs are liable to be thrown off. It is not the case with the grain that is treated in the way that makes it water proof. As one wraps in the best form of a coat.

TO PRESERVE CHESTNUTS.—This method, as recommended by the Board of Agriculture, is to dig, in a very dry spot, a hole about two feet deep and wide enough to spread straw to put the chestnuts in. Then cover the straw with a layer of earth, then straw, then chestnuts, then straw, six inches thick, and then with earth sufficient to eighteen inches above the straw. The hole should be very dry and sharp at top, raised from three to five inches above ground. If there should be any appearance of dampness, open a branch at a few yards off, larger than that in which the potatoes are placed. If the chestnuts are not shrivelling, the safer they will be.

THE USE OF CHARCOAL.—By keeping charcoal in a box pulverized will be but little trouble—and it is worth more to animal. The animal will instinctively help himself from a strong smelling stuff. They will consume a small quantity of it when they first begin to eat the grain. Some should be pounded and some left in chunks—the powdered absorbs the gases, and the chunks will last a long time they dissolve. The refuse makes an excellent manure for the garden or orchard. By putting a small quantity in the horse stable every week, and in the cow stable every two weeks, the air will be kept sweet

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

Harry and Bessie went to spend the afternoon with their old grandmother.

She was glad to have the children for company, and they were equally glad to go to see her; for, besides the pleasure of drinking tea with her, grandmother was such a famous hand at telling nice stories, that both Harry and Bessie always enjoyed their visits.

This afternoon, as soon as they were seated, and had talked for a few minutes, Bessie, who was an observing little girl, took her thimble out of her pocket, and began to mend some clothes for her grandmother; and presently Harry got his knife and was very busy cutting some wood into pegs. His father sold these pegs at a shop where he was employed in the next town, and Harry had the money towards buying a new suit for Sundays.

It was not long, you may be sure, before one of the children said, "Now, grandmother, won't you tell us a story, please?" and the kind old grandmother, willing to oblige them, said she would, and that it should be about a little boy who made clothes-pegs for sale.

"About me, grandmother?" asked Harry.

"About you, Harry," exclaimed Bessie; "I should think not, indeed: what have you ever done that is worth putting into a story?"

Grandmother smiled, "No," she said, "it is not about you. The name of my boy was John, and he lived more than two hundred miles away from here. His mother was a poor widow woman, and she had several little children younger than he. How she managed to get a living at all, I don't know; but they seldom had quite enough to eat, and sometimes there were very badly off indeed. John was but a little fellow—not as big as you are, Harry—when he learned to make pegs, and to carry them about to people's doors for sale.

"He did not earn much in this way. Sometimes he returned at night with scarcely a penny; now and then, however, he did better, and the smallest trifle was of use to them.

"But one winter it happened that food was very dear, and money very scarce. John's mother, too, became very weak and poorly, and at length her head ached so violently that she could not bear to lift it from the pillow. It was with a heavy heart that poor John left her and set out to try whether he could sell enough pegs to procure a loaf of bread with, for there was scarcely a crust in the house, and not a particle of tea. John took the mahogany box, and as he walked wearily along, he grieved to God to help them and send them something to eat. He had scarcely finished praying when his foot struck against something, and looking to the ground, he saw a purse of money.

"Capital!" said Harry; "I am so glad."

"So am I," said Bessie; "how soon God answered his prayer, grandmother."

"So John thought Bessie. He picked up the purse with a joyful heart; but then he thought, 'Is this really mine?' somebody must have lost it. Ought I to keep it without making any inquiry about it?'

"Looking up, he saw at a few yards distance an old gentleman walking leisurely along. The road was a very long one, and as there was no one else in sight, the purse most likely belonged to him.

"But what if it does?' something seemed to whisper in John's ear; 'he can do without it better than you. You have a good loaf and a handsome overcoat on; no doubt he has plenty more money at home, and will hardly miss this. And think how much good it would do your mother.'

"It would buy all you want, and very likely keep you from going into the workhouse, as you will otherwise be obliged to do. Now don't be foolish; put it in your pocket; nobody will know.'

"John was sorely tempted, and he almost yielded; but he knew what he ought to do, and he looked to God for strength. The next minute he was running as fast as he could to overtake the old gentleman.

"Hurrah!" cried Harry.

"It seems a pity, though," sighed little Bessie, "that it wasn't right for him to keep it."

"If you please, sir, said John, breathlessly —if you please, sir, have you dropped a purse?"

"The old gentleman looked surprised, and was going to say No; but he put his hand first into his pocket, and found that his purse was not there. 'Indeed, I have,' he said. "Have you found it, my little man? it is a dark blue one.'

"John immediately produced it. 'Then here it is, sir. I have just picked it up in the road.'

"I must have drawn it out with my handkerchief, I suppose, for I had not missed it. You are an honest lad, and I am much obliged to you.

"Let me see! what must I give you for bringing it back to me?"

"Nothing, sir, thank you," answered John, 'but if you can spare a few of my pegs, sir, I should be very glad.'

"Well, I don't understand much about pegs,' replied the old gentleman, good-humouredly; 'but I'll come over here, and if you will come in with me, I will speak to my housekeeper about them?'

"John followed the old gentleman, indoors, and the housekeeper soon agreed to buy all the pegs that he had, and to pay him double the price for them that he usually got. She also gave him some cold meat and bread; and as he was eating it, and the old gentleman asked him about his home and his mother, until he knew all their difficulties. He told John that he would call and see his mother in the course of the day. He kept his promise, and from that day the poor widow never wanted a friend. The old gentleman had plenty of money, and he liked to help deserving people; so he not only supplied John's mother with money for present need, but, as soon as she was stronger, he stocked a nice little shop for her, by means of which she was able to provide for herself and family.—

"So John's prayer was answered, you see, although not exactly in the way you expected."

"And what became of John, grandmother?"

"When he was old enough, the old gentleman apprenticed him to a carpenter; and he grew up to be a steady, pious young man, and he has got children and grandchildren of his own now."

"He must be an old man," said Harry.

"Yes, he is; his hair is quite gray; but he never forgets God's goodness to him when he was a boy."

"How I should like to see him, grandmother" said Bessie, looking up from her work.

"Should you, Bessie? Well, your wish may soon be gratified, for I expect he will be with us at tea-time. Look! there he is coming in at the gate."

Bessie jumped up from her work; Harry tumbled down his wood basket; both rushed eagerly to the window. "Why, Bessie," exclaimed Harry, "it's grandfather!"

LADY VAVASOUR;

OR ARCHIE'S PROMISE.

"You will not forget me, Archie, when you are among those beautiful Belgravian ladies, will you?" said the pretty girl, who stood with her plump arm on the garden gate, and her eyes uplifted to the tall young gentleman on the other side.

"Forget you, darling! Why should I? Haven't I spent my whole lifetime among these London ladies, that you speak?" Ah, Letty, you do not know me!"

She looked up and held her lips for a kiss.

"Forgive me, Archie. But if you should forget me, it would kill me; I could not live without you."

And thus they parted.

They had met but a few months before. He, a handsome and polished gentleman; she, a simple, beautiful country maiden. They loved. He, with the passion of a man whose heart was world-hardened and tired, less—she, with all a woman's trust and strength.

"I will never forget you, my own Letty!"

The words rang a sweet music in her ear, and kept back the sorrowful words that threatened to overwhelm her. He went forth with them upon his lips, and remembered them until the busy metropolis, and its thousand cares and joys, came, to shut them from his memory.

The first letter he sent her was long and full of pathos and love. The second, shorter, and colder and more formal. The third, still shorter and business-like. The fourth—well, there never was a fourth. All this while sweet Letty Gray worked on busy as a bee, and waited with patience for the letters which were to be her life. She read them as they came, and treasured them up in the little mahogany box, together with his picture which he had given her; and night after night, in the solitude of her little room, she sat and read them over and over again, and kissed them through her tears.

Ah, Archie Eardley, you little know the wealth of love which lay stored within that pure, sinless heart for you! Had you but known, methinks you would have turned back from the London belles, and gathered her in your arms and kept her there forever.

But he knew not. Life had been rough and beset by many difficulties; and disappointment had made him cold and selfish. Perhaps in early life he had loved as she now loved, and had been grievously disheartened. If not, it was something that had blighted his best feelings and made him false.

She waited until her heart grew sick, but no sign or word from him; and at last she took the mahogany box, and its cherished contents, and bid them away, burying her love with it.

* * * * *

A tired, world-weary man was Archie Eardley eight years later, when again his feet pressed his native soil, and his heart more hard and selfish than when he left little Letty Gray that summer morning at the cottage gate.

He had wandered through Europe, until its scenes of interest grew dull and meaningless, and had returned to yearned for his native land. And yet what was there to greet him? Nothing! Neither home, father, mother, sister, brother, wife, nor love.

Something brought back the old cottage, the fair-haired girl, who waved her hand to him from the gate, and blessed him as he went. It might have been far different had he heeded and cared for her.

"It might have been!"

The beautiful lines of Whittier's poem came up to memory:

"Of all sad words of tongue and pen,
The saddest are these: It might have been!

Yes. There might have been a wife and home for him. But that was long before, and there was nothing left but the bitter knowledge of his own folly.

He was weary, and he turned his face towards his native London, and found at first a welcome from some distant relatives.

"You will go to-night to Lady Beckley's reception, won't you, Archie?" asked his pretty cousin, Mary Eardley, "it will be a grand affair, and all the first people will be there. I have many celebrities to show you. You must see Lady Vavasour. She is the belle of our circle this winter.

"Is she beautiful?"

"Superb! Beautiful! Everybody is crazy about her. I doubt me much, coz, if even in your wide travels you ever met a woman more lovely."

"I have seen many fair women."

"You will pronounce her queen of all. Mr. Wylde, who but lately returned from a continental tour, says he never knew a woman so beautiful. Promise me that you will go and see her."

"I will go to the reception, for I want to see my old friends."

He had been in crowds until he hated them; but the elegant saloons, the heavy perfume-laden air, the brilliant dresses, the sparkle of wine, and above all, the many fair familiar faces, charmed him for the time, and he remained contented and at ease.

It was late; and heated with dancing, he drew his partner, who was an old friend, to a divan near the window, and sat chatting with her of the bygone days, when suddenly there was a low murmur near him.

A young lord—"Isn't she beautiful, Lady Vavasour! What perfect beauty!"

"Mr. Eardley," whispered his companion, "Look, there is Lady Vavasour!"

He looked in the direction indicated, and his heart beat wildly at the sight.

It was a woman, with a face of marble whiteness, save where a faint tinge of pink crept on and off at will. A queenly form, and a pair of large liquid blue eyes, fringed by curling lashes of wondrous length and beauty. Her rippling hair swept back in golden waves from the broad brow, and was half confined by a tiara of diamonds. The mouth, tender, proud and womanly, was breathed in smiles, and thus revealed the pure white teeth within. Her dress—a rich blue velvet—was made low to display the exquisite shoulders; and the white beautifully rounded arms were bare to the shoulder.

A mist floated before his eyes; and instead of this glorious woman and the brilliant ball-rooms, there came a little vine embowered cottage, a low white fence, a wicket gate, and a trusting girl waving him a sad good-bye. Again, he was leaning over her, saying, "I will never forget you, my own Letty."

Ah, how poorly he had kept that promise! How many a weary day of forgetfulness had passed! But with this queenly woman came back the old love and Letty Gray. He knew her, notwithstanding the change.

"Who was she?" asked he of his companion.

"I know not. I believe she is a distant relative of Lady Beckley's, and I think Lord Vavasour met her here." There are stories of the marriage being one of convenience. It is hard telling, for they appear happy."

She swept past him with her proud husband; and her jewels flashed so close to Archie's eyes, that he turned his head, and with it half the sorrow in his heart.

He could not silence the cry which came up from his heart; and it was upon his lips for days afterwards.

"Letty, lost, beautiful Letty."

HERE AND THERE.

THIS page is displayed at a leading room on the Fourth floor. Lustre Chromo. square inch $1. Perfect gorge. $1.25.

WHEN a woman comes to the door and calls after her husband. How do I look? is the last thing she says to him, and he knows that she is not in a capital humor.

SAMBO says Pat, "you are a strong man. I can't sing, Pat," replied Sambo. "Can't sing, is it?" responded Pat, "then what is you stuck to the side of your hat for, nebber to hear, if you can't sing."

PA," said little Jimmie, "I was very near getting the dictionary to-day." "Indeed! and is that my son?" "Why a big word came all the way from New York and I only have to spell it. I would have gone clear up."

A SAN FRANCISCO paper is pleasant reading while one is enjoying a post-prandial cigar. Here is a paragraph: "A Sacramento devil of small pox while lying on a heap of tobacco, was set upon by a number of 'Northern'—

SUTTON.—Well, may I hope, then, dear, that at some future time I may have the happiness of calling you my wife?

Yes, I hope so. I'm sure, for I'm getting real tired of using fellows for breach of promise.

THE owner of a pair of bright eyes says that the prettiest compliment he ever had paid him was contained in a note of four years. The little fellow, after looking intently at her eyes a moment, inquired naively: 'Are your eyes new ones?'

SISTER.—Well, you know, Bobby, your father is very indignant that you went with Tommy Brown to fill that speck of dust's out of his eye. Why didn't you blow it off and fix it right—I know it's out now—earwards—I—I think I heard it fall.

A YANKEE going down Rose river Nevada man walked up to the bar and said: "I've got an aged mother back in Missouri. I am brought up religious. I have been a church member. I want to know is, if the snakes is strained out of them air whiskey?"

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THE FASHIONS.

We have received such charming styles from abroad by late mails that we will submit the gratifications afforded us in seeing them by giving descriptions of such as were most striking. A most unique costume for the watering places (I would be too presumptuous for ordinary toilette) is of rosy-colored silk and a dotted over-dress of mixed silk and wool tissue, of a similar tint. The undergarment has the entire front breadth laid in longitudinal plaits, and within about twelve inches of the bottom, where a bias flounce is set on, and shirred four inches from the top. This flounce extends around the back of the skirt, only deeper than in front. The over-dress of the dotted gauze closes in the back, while the fronts cross diagonally. A trimming of cream-colored ostrich bands, below which is a soft fringe, falls from the bottom of this over-dress while below it is a bias and scantily gathered flounce of cardinal-colored silk. A sash of the same is passed under the pocket of the polonaise, the front width, through two openings made for that purpose, and taken from them under the puff of the draped back widths, falling from thence in loops and ends. A standing collar surrounds the neck, below which a white ribbon of cardinal color, from which is cut pendent a gold locket, is passed, and tied in a loop behind. A succession of narrow ruffles finish the otherwise plain coat sleeves.

With such a costume is worn a Legheriad, with tips of cardinal-colored feathers and bias trimming of cream tinted silk serge.

A dinner dress of pale pink *faille silk* had an entirely plain underskirt, with long train disposed in quadruple plaits behind. A wide sash of deeper pink faille was laid in wide folds, and passed around the dress just below the hips, setting on a looking to a succession of puffs of deep and pointed scarf fringe, which covered the entire front of the dress. This sash then draped the back of the garment slightly and fell in graceful loops and ends upon the trained skirt.

No overdress was worn and the form of the silk garment was of a Gobelette shape, the flaring at the bottom.

The neck had a high standing collar, rounding down in a point upon the front, and having within a high ruche of white crape lisse.

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No room for the unreadable nonsense now in the platter store, and to our utmost reach of ordinary power.

One for the country of

CRIPPLED BATTERY.

is so simple, and yet so powerful, that it will commend itself to all. The underskirt has two knife-plaited flounces of about six inches deep, edged with a narrow French heading.

The overdress is a long Polonaise, opening in front, and draped behind after the manner of the Marguerite polonaise.

It closes in V form upon the front, and has a knife pleating around the bottom similar to the trim on the under skirt, and a narrower one extending up the fronts.

The coat sleeves are trimmed [illegible] with three rows of knife-plaited trimming, [illegible] corresponding with the trimming on the edge of a pocket for kerchief. Ground Hair-line coat which we have just described.

Fine Parmesan hem, of coquelicot, for light fabrics, is gaining in popularity, commending itself for grace and adjustability.

A pretty suit for a child of seven is basted of dark blue cassimir, trimmed with a tighter blue in stripes.

The under skirt has an edging of the light blue flannelly at the bottom, and is set in deep silk plaits. The over skirt is edged with a similar band of light blue, and is looped in the back.

The waist is blouse form, and is box plaited and is edged with a piece of light blue, similar in that upon the rest of the costume.

A deep vellum edged with the stripe finishes the neck. A row of pearl buttons, [illegible] are placed on each side of a space of light blue, which marks the centre of the waist. A ball of light blue [illegible] the waist.

A pleating of light blue, finished by a band of dark blue, held down by a pearl button, finishes the half loose coat sleeve.

WHAT A WOMAN SAYS.

We have seen an old and pretty face made of perfumed suet, waxed, but with a silvery gaze of entreaties into the tinsel and drugs, and we doubt glass a lower place, and flambeaux consuming the moulding of it. The mysterious perfumed suet, a shred of it, a bit of it, is the poetic of cuisine. Use of lovage, ribbon suet, water blue, slips of lambkins, cloth go to seed in mustang fragrance lace, cut of cork, calculation, any thin slips of glue or margin, a ring for hardening, tin between, and cotton stamp glue. Call by an old lady a pattern of the stripe worked. If such a pattern is not many pattern, nor, thirteen to fourteen slips long, the suet would, boldness, cotton ring and refreshed at long ring, coupling to width, brass, and a half cotton in use and wear for buttons, had an earth, or all the genius cuisine. Above the fashions of women again arranged in a more elaborate form, has dropped. Upon a strip of suet beauty, once earth glass and the brightness of the leftover on the opposite side of the strip. With a sharp pen-knife cut a slit in the upper part of each glass so as to admit of an inch deep; run another or eighth of an inch below it, and set both and a half before the top of the glass. In these slits the embroidering ribbon must be run, but not yet, our mission with your silvery fine cuticle part of the suet must glass, and also put across the other slips, just across the other slips, just across the ribbon, and the string run a piece of each of these slips of suet beauty as you have, on the upper part of these slips of suet beauty, just on the same manner and rule, with a sharp pen-knife, glass with, make a cracking of brown paste or enamel, glass perspiration. Use effect of cuticle, fashioned. When thoroughly dry, run in the ribbon in the slits cut for the purpose, and glue securely down, on the cuticle glasses. These suet must be bright for glasses according to the taste, a thorough dry of suet in them. Ribbon in the leftover with a piece of wire, or twist with fancy-pegs of suet, or suet, and set with the first, and pass [illegible] as for a specimen.

A heavy fur for the winter, covering [illegible] the right of water resistance, at the [illegible] also, we shall by enjoyed glass themselves for the [illegible] of a string in this duties which are very really determine. Australians needed with the fine duties, and fine silver grass, also ribboned wrist, dressed, with wrist fastened, as needed for wrist fastening. Fastens the duties, put on a time, on the fine wrist, and wrist, and with fastening a woman fine wrist. Fastening [illegible] of a ribboned wristlet in form, a wrist or pencil. Our fastens, a wrist, fastens in wrist wrists by fastening the fastens, fastened and fastening a wrist duties. Also in the fastens of a wrist, the [illegible] of suet. Fine fastens one or each wrist, a fine wrist, fine wristlet, a fastening wrist, and wrist, pencil, fastening wrist fastening fastens wrist fastening wrist fastens wrist fastening wrist fastens wrist fastening wrist